

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2483.—VOL. LXXXIX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.  
AND TINTED PICTURES } By Post, 6½d.



1. Trawler, with "devil" attached, cutting through herring net.

2. Enlarged sketch of "devil."

DISPUTES BETWEEN BRITISH AND FOREIGN FISHERMEN: A BELGIAN TRAWLER CUTTING THROUGH ENGLISH HERRING NETS.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

As yet, that which Thomas Hood once lyrically celebrated as the eminently "negative" month of November has not been distinguished by any exceptionally dense fogs; yet has the atmosphere of men's minds been within these latter days desperately darkened. A bevy of castles in the air have been disporting themselves for the benefit of newspaper writers. All the *Châteaux en Espagne* seem to have given each other a common rendezvous over Fleet-street and Printing House-square. The aerial castles, very vague and shifting in design as they are, assume, first, the form of projects for appropriately celebrating next year her Majesty's Jubilee; and, next, of schemes for embodying, permanently and magnificently, the right princely idea of an Imperial Colonial and Indian Institution.

There is the Church House proposal, to begin with—highly favoured, of course, by the bench of Bishops, the dignified clergy, and the wealthier friends of the Establishment. Were I an architect, I should say "Ditto to Mr. Burke," to the most eloquent advocate who spoke in favour of a Church House, and immediately set to work to prepare drawings in view of a possible competition. I have a sweet thing in Flamboyant Gothic in my mind's eye: halls for both Houses of Convocation; a chapel, offices for all the Church societies, a library, a museum for ecclesiastical vestments—not forgetting the "M.B." waistcoat once descanted upon by Mr. Gladstone—residential chambers for literary clerics, a cheap restaurant for indigent curates, and a very large warehouse for storing extraordinary tithes.

But if a Church House be demanded by Churchmen, why should not the sympathies of the painters, the sculptors, the water-colour draughtsmen, and the engravers be enlisted in favour of a House of Art? The Royal Academy would, of course, subscribe liberally to the fund requisite for the erection of such an edifice; the central hall of the palace might be painted (also, of course, gratuitously) with frescoes illustrative of the rise and progress of the fine arts in Great Britain, and further adorned with statues of the principal patrons of art from King Charles I. downwards. The institution might be made self-supporting, by adding to the building a large number of studios, to be leased at moderate rents to artists and amateurs, and by holding an annual national exhibition of paintings and sculpture. President of the House of Art, Mr. W. Holman Hunt; Vice-President, Mr. Walter Crane.

Or what do you say to a Literary House? I have fixed the plan for it to a "t." I would build it in a rather severe style of architecture: plain red brick, with closely-barred windows. It should be a "residential club" for poets, novelists, essayists, and writers of paragraphs for the "society" papers. The inmates should be bound to write ten hours a day; after that they might do a little recreative work in the way of stone-breaking, oakum-picking, and bone-crushing. They should wear a nice academic uniform, of a grey tint; and their hair—to keep their poor brains cool—should be closely cropped. As for their diet, what could the Muse be better fed upon than oatmeal gruel, bread and cheese, and three ounces of boiled beef, free from bone, twice a week? Candidates for admission should produce certificates, signed by at least two publishers, to the effect that there was nothing more to be got out of them (the candidates), from a literature-producing point of view. The hospitality of the Literary House would at least save successful candidates from the "degradation of the workhouse."

The "degradation of the workhouse"! It appears to me that this expression has grown sadly hackneyed, and is being made use of just now to a ridiculous extent by the worthy people who appear to think that if there be any exceptional distress among the poor during the coming winter, the Poor Laws must inevitably break down, and who are consequently already beginning to tout for donations from a charitable public. I hope that I am not a harder-hearted man than my neighbours; but I do think it somewhat afflictive that one should be compulsorily made to pay a heavy poor's rate (mine is five per cent upon my rental) and be damned in addition all day long for donations to extraneous charities. I pay my rates for the relief of the poor to be administered either in indoor or in outdoor fashion. Why should there be anything degrading in accepting indoor relief?

Mem. I.: Is it the name of workhouse that makes the Union abhorrent to the destitute? In some of the Italian cities the refuge for the poor is called the "Albergo dei Poveri." If a similarly graceful title were given to our present workhouses, and if the insulting name of pauper were legally abolished, would the poor continue to manifest their aversion to indoor relief? Of course, there are cynics who growl that the poor hate the "House" because they are compelled to be clean there, and because they cannot obtain any gin.

Mem. II.: I was talking the other day on this subject to the Editor of *Truth*, who entertains somewhat peculiar views on social as well as political topics, but than who a kinder-hearted and more charitable gentleman does not exist. "For my part," remarked Mr. Labouchere, "if I were destitute I should go to the workhouse with joy. I hate trouble; and it seems to me that the workhouse authorities would save me every kind of imaginable trouble. I would say to them, 'Gentlemen, if I am to be washed; wash me by all means; I like being washed; for the rest, feed me, clothe me, nurse me, and physic me when I am sick, and bury me when I have shuffled off this mortal coil.'" I hinted something about smoking not being "as a rule" permitted to paupers; whereupon Mr. Labouchere ignited another cigarette, and changed the conversation.

At last! An *édition de luxe* of the works of Albert Smith is in course of publication by Messrs. Bentley. There lie before me two large and goodly volumes—one, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his Friend Jack Johnson"; the other, "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, the Poisoner of the

Seventeenth Century." I hope that I am not wrong in applying the epithet "luxurious" to a brace of books handsomely printed on stout paper and adorned with all the original etchings on steel by John Leech. That admirable artist appears, perhaps, at his very best as an etcher in "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers." Note, in particular, the wonderful plate representing the wretched Marchioness going in the tumbril to execution, with the old houses of the Place de Grève in the distance. The "biting in" and "stopping out" of the etching are as subtle as the needle-work is perfect. It is the finest etching that I have seen of Leech—with the exception, perhaps, of a large plate which he executed for Douglas Jerrold's "Illuminated Magazine"—an illustration, if I remember aright, of some ballad of the "King of Thule" type. The plates in "Ledbury" are irresistibly comic; but to judge what Leech was capable of as an aquafortist, one must go to the "Brinvilliers."

Not half enough justice has yet been done to the memory of Albert Smith. Mr. Edmund Yates should have written his life long ago; for the number of men of letters who knew and loved Albert is waxing smaller and smaller every year. In his own lifetime his literary fame was heavily handicapped; first, by the senseless cry that he was a mere imitator of Dickens, and next by the fact that he chose to make a large fortune as an "entertainer" at the Egyptian Hall. The celebrity which he so amply merited as the author of such capital novels as "Mr. Ledbury," "Christopher Tadpole," "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," and "The Pottleton Legacy," was eclipsed by the ephemeral popularity of "Mr. Albert's Ascent of Mont Blanc."

"R. M. K.," with much precision, states the real formulary and signification of the grace after meat which I saw and heard at Clifford's Inn ever so many years ago. He writes:—

The four loaves are baked in the form of a Cross; the three knocks on the table refer to the Trinity; and the pushing of the loaves off the table means that what is left is to be given to the poor—as was done till a considerable time in the present century, all the broken meat being distributed among a number of old women who assembled at the Buttery Hatch after dinner.

My correspondent adds that the "Kentish Mess" is so called because it was formerly composed of the Kentish tenants of Lord De Clifford, before the lawyers got the Hall from Mabel De Clifford.

A goodly number of correspondents have explained the apparent mystery of Apsley House and St. George's Hospital "wearing red jackets still" in 1815, as noted by Mr. Thackeray in "Vanity Fair." The buildings in question were originally of red brick; and they were not cased with stone or cement until some years after Waterloo. My earliest recollections of London do not extend beyond 1832; and by that time, I apprehend, the town house of the Duke of Wellington and the Hospital on the other side of the way had ceased to wear red jackets. Yet can I recall some notable changes which have taken place in the metropolis in my time. I can recollect when the Marble Arch, now at the top of Park-lane, stood in front of the then open courtyard of Buckingham Palace. I mind the time, four-and-thirty years ago, when from the windows of Apsley House there were removed, just after the death of the great Duke, the iron shutters which he had had put up after the Reform Bill riots of 1832, and which he inflexibly retained until his death as a silent satire of the inconstancy of popular favour.

In the matter of the "Garden of Health," "G. S." tells me that the price of the first edition of this old book is quoted in Lowndes as varying between 2s. 6d. and 6s. The second edition is quoted in Sotheran's catalogue for 1862 as scarce; but it is offered at the moderate price of 10s. 6d. Possibly, "G. S." hints, the "Garden of Health" has not risen much in value during the last four-and-twenty years.

The following suggestion from "M.D." is worthy of attention:—

Add to your appreciation of medical men, as mentioned in this week's *Illustrated News*, by advocating, in the coming jubilee, the creation of medical peers and representatives in the House of Commons, as a fitting tribute to a profession which has done so much for the welfare of mankind and has been so little recognised. Questions are constantly arising in both Houses in which their opinions would be of service. The Medical Council and the British Medical Association, of over 8000 members, might each be allowed to return a member to Parliament.

I should be very glad to live to see the creation of medical peers. There have been already medical members of the Lower House; and the Commons would be all the better for a larger infusion of medicos; at all events, they would raise the tone of a sadly discredited assembly. But I question whether public, or rather State, recognition, has been systematically withheld from the professors of the healing art. The State has done ten times more to honour the doctors than it has done to honour men of letters. Without books I can call to mind as Baronets Sir Henry Hallford, Sir James Clarke, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Henry Holland, Sir William Lawrence, Sir James Paget, Sir James Fergusson, Sir William Jenner, Sir William Gull, and Sir Spencer Wells. How many authors have borne the sanguinolent hand on their escutcheons, when, indeed, they had any escutcheon to bear it on? Scott, it is true was a Baronet; and a baronetcy was offered to, and declined by, Southey. Bulwer Lytton was created a Baronet before he was made a Peer, but he was a "swell" *ab initio*. The late Sir Lascelles Wraxall, a most industrious literary worker, succeeded to a baronetcy. Have there been any more literary Baronets of note?

This has been to the "Distressed Compiler" a most interesting week, as regards the quaintly fascinating art-books which he has been permitted to inspect. First, let me note the splendid quarto entitled "Bewick Gleanings," being Impressions of Copper-plates and Wood Blocks, engraved in the Bewick Work-shop," remaining in the possession of the family until the death of the last Miss Bewick; and sold afterwards, by order of her executors. The work is edited, with notes, by Julia Boyd, Member of the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle (A. Reid: Newcastle-on-Tyne). In a touching dedication to her father, Miss Boyd states that in childhood

he knew Thomas Bewick; in his boyhood, he roamed by the rivers which they both loved; and in his manhood, delighted to sketch the northern scenes amidst which they were born.

The accomplished editor mentions as pupils in the Bewick work-shop his brother, John Bewick, with Robert Johnson, Luke Clennell, Charlton Nesbit, Isaac Nicholson, William Harvey, John Jackson, and many others, all of whom were his apprentices. Names of fame and high renown in the history of modern wood-engraving. "Bewick Gleanings" have an additional attraction in a sympathetic life of the great draughtsman and wood-engraver; the notes are full of knowledge and acumen; but the charm of this unique work lies obviously in the illustrations—birds and beasts, bill-heads, Thomas Bewick's box of tools, book illustrations, newspaper titles, the Royal Arms in many aspects, the Chillingham bull, bank-notes, views of Edinburgh, *silhouettes*, initial letters, hunting scenes, concert and lottery tickets, crests and shields, and an almost endless variety of things graphic—the "after-math," as Miss Boyd pertinently puts it, of the Bewick work-shop. She has done for Thomas of Newcastle that which Ireland did for Hogarth.

Mem.: When I was a very young man I used to draw on wood in the work-shop of an engraver, one of whose assistants was an old gentleman named Armstrong. He had been either a pupil or an assistant of Thomas Bewick, and was full of anecdotes of that really "grand old man," and of poor Luke Clennell, who went mad.

Another book which takes us back to days of wood engraving even anterior to those of Bewick, is the wonderfully cheap collection entitled "One Thousand Quaint Cuts from Books of Other Days," published by Field and Tuer, at "Ye Leadenhall Presse." It passes my comprehension to discover how Mr. Andrew Tuer has contrived to sweep into his drag-net this astonishing shoal of wood blocks of the past, among which figure a copious number of illustrations for children's books of the Goody-Two-Shoes period. I noticed, too, a very old friend of mine—the pictorial frontispiece to a spelling-book ("Thomas Teachwell, Esq.," if I mistake not) published about the middle of the eighteenth century. In my early youth I used to study that frontispiece, and tremble. It is in three storeys, and dreadfully educational. In the first storey a schoolmaster, with a wig as formidable as that of Dr. Parr, and a frown as portentous as that of Dr. Busby, holds up his hands in horror at some possible false quantity made by the urchin who is shiveringly construing his lesson. A form-full of more little boys look on with painful interest at the scene. Someone is about to receive some "quaint cuts," I fear. The second storey is a little less terrific, but still somewhat alarming. It represents a girls' school; and Miss Tickletoby is administering such a very fierce scolding to a child in a mob cap. Other small children in mob caps look on with an expression of subdued approval on their countenances. The lowermost compartment is slightly reassuring. The little schoolboys, in square-cut coats and cocked hats, are out at play in a field, and enjoying various games; still, you cannot help thinking that "even as they run they look behind And snatch a fearful joy."

Mem.: There are some Robert Cruikshanks and Rowlandsons in the collection. Some of the later specimens, the sets of Cupids, and the Etruscan *silhouettes*, are both pretty and graceful.

And now I turn to a Christmas gift-book illustrated in the most modern of the modern styles of drawing and engraving—free-handed, somewhat sketchy but symmetrical draughtsmanship, and the American, or "brush-mark," manner of xylography. This is a new edition of the story of our dear old friend "Rip Van Winkle," as told by Washington Irving, and illustrated by Gordon Browne (London: Blackie and Son). I shall have the "New Rip," with Mr. Gordon Browne's tenderly-humorous drawings bound as a companion volume to the Washington Irving Sketch-Book, published by Putnam, of New York, and copiously illustrated by American artists of the highest class, which was given me by an American friend in the States some three-and-twenty years ago. This edition of the Sketch-Book is in itself a curiosity, as having been published at a period when the great Civil War between the North and the South was at its hottest and its fiercest.

Lest the announcement which I made last week to the effect that there were very few drachmas in this house should be construed into an artful endeavour on my part to obtain possession of current silver coins of the Greek realm, I beg to state that, as two correspondents have been so kind as to send me silver effigies of King George, I do not require any more drachmas. The coins sent show that I was quite right in maintaining that his Majesty is not King of Greece, but King of the Hellenes. Otho, on the other hand, *was* King of Greece. A mistake, however, unless the present coinage of Greece be most minutely examined, might easily occur, in the fact that although on the obverse George I. is described as King of the Hellenes, the reverse bears the inscription Kingdom of Helas. Thus King George is King of the Greeks who inhabit the Kingdom of Greece.

A Major-General has written to the *Times* to complain of the costliness of club dinners. "Why," he asks, "should he pay for his repast as much at a club as he does at a restaurant; seeing that no profit is supposed to accrue from the meal served at a club, whereas a restaurant is obviously conducted for profit?" I believe it is a fact the kitchens at most of the great establishments in Clubland show a slight annual loss. But surely this should not be the case at a club of military officers of high rank. In any case, the subject is worthy of ventilation; and this initial fact should be borne in mind, that the wines supplied to clubs are of much superior quality and much cheaper than the vintages dispensed in ordinary restaurants and hotels. A club "Larose" is a wine to remember, so is a restaurant "Larose"; only there are memories and memories, just as there are faggots and faggots.



## THE WATTS GIFT TO THE NATION.

At the South Kensington Museum, on the staircase leading to the Art Library, are to be seen half-a-dozen pictures selected from the collection of his works which Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., offers to the nation. To find a parallel to this princely offer we shall have to travel back nearly half a century, to the date when Mr. Vernon presented that assemblage of pictures which formed the nucleus of the Art Galleries now at South Kensington, where the Sheepshanks and Turner bequests also testify to the liberal intentions of their donors. The Watts collection will, we cannot doubt, be accepted with acclamation by all classes; for it is not only representative of the highest and best painting of this half of the nineteenth century, but it will confer upon posterity a collection of portraits of the most distinguished men and beautiful women of our day. In speaking of the pictures by Mr. Watts exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, in the winter 1881-2, we expressed our regret that no public-spirited millionaire had commissioned the artist to paint a series of contemporary portraits for national use and enjoyment; but we were then wholly without suspicion that the wish was ever likely to be realised. The specimen portraits at South Kensington are those of Cardinal Manning and Lord Tennyson—the former in his scarlet robes, a magnificent mass of colour; whilst in the finely painted deep lines of the face, the suggestion of absolute self-command, combined with almost unlimited power over others, bear witness to the artist's appreciation of his sitter's character. The portrait of Lord Tennyson, on the other hand, is sombre in colour, but delicate in its refinement, not attempting to disguise the weakness of the lower part of the Laureate's face. These are merely specimens; but we know that in the gallery of Little Holland House are to be found, amongst other noteworthy works, the portraits of Mr. Lecky, of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., of "the good" Lord Shaftesbury, and of the great Lord Lyndhurst, of Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Sherbrooke, Thomas Carlyle, and of a host of others, of whom the nation as yet scarcely possesses a single portrait worthy of their reputation. But it is not only in portraiture, in its highest form, that Mr. Watts' collection is rich. His imaginative works are those on which probably his ultimate fame will rest, for into them he has thrown the ardour of an apostle, and the eagerness of an expounder of a new religion. Such works as "Love and Death," "Time, Death, and Judgment," furnish subjects for thought as well as admiration. In the former the bright figure of Love is striving to bar the entry of the house to the dread messenger. Love's wings have been crushed in the struggle; the petals of the roses with which the doorway has been twined are falling; and the pale form of Death, resistless, with uplifted arm, presses silently forward. In the other, we have Time, represented as a youth of unflinching vigour, advancing hand-in-hand with Death, whilst above in the clouds is the figure of Judgment and Eternal Law. "Hope," seated on the orb of the universe, listening eagerly for one note from the single unbroken string of her lyre, is too well known from its recent exhibition to need description. "Mammon" and "The Minotaur" symbolise the worst passions to which our nature is subjected, and the artist preaches a solemn sermon in the forms with which he clothes these vices. If it should come to pass that our museums and galleries are to be opened on Sundays, one can never wish for better guides and instructors of public morals than are afforded by his—Mr. Watts—imaginative or symbolical works. The intention is so plain, the purpose so direct, that the most thoughtless cannot fail to be arrested and made to understand some of those mysteries of which he too carelessly believes himself to be the helpless puppet—

*Segnus irritant animos demissa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

One word in conclusion as to the housing of these treasures, which are now placed within our grasp. The western galleries at South Kensington, where, in 1867, the pictures of the International Exhibition were hung, offer plenty of space, excellent light, and are easy of access. The science collections, by which the rooms are now occupied, might find accommodation on the floor below, or in the southern gallery, now filled with objects temporarily transferred from the Bethnal-green Museum. If this scheme be adopted, some of the best lighted and most securely built picture-galleries might be obtained, at a very trifling cost for repainting the room, capable of receiving any further gifts or bequests which may be thought worthy to be placed beside the Watts Collection.

We cannot conclude without expressing the hope that Mr. Watts' munificence will meet with no niggardly reception, more often traceable to official jealousy than to any honest desire for economy. The present Director for Art at South Kensington is associated with none of the less pleasant traditions of that institution, and may safely be left to carry out the donor's wishes and views at the smallest cost to the public. He has already shown his zeal for the improvement of art teaching in the country, and may be fairly credited with no less desire to raise the standard of art taste.

## MILITARY BRIDGE IN THULL CHOTIALI.

The Indian Government is making rapid progress with the completion of its roads of military defensive preparation on the north-west frontier, and in the direction of Candahar. The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Frederick Roberts, in March and April last, inspected the line of military posts between the Indus and Pishin, the present terminus of the Candahar railway. At Gumbaz, Thull Chotiali, in Beloochistan, the first of these posts, the 14th Bengal Lancers were stationed; and we are indebted to Major Philip Neville, of that regiment, for a sketch of the military bridge over the river Anumbar, on the road to Duki, which is twenty-five miles from Gumbaz. The advanced guard of the Commander-in-Chief's escort was passing over the bridge, which is protected by a stone redoubt. At Duki there was a brigade of Bombay troops.

Sir James M'Garel Hogg has been re-elected chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

To commemorate the Queen's Jubilee, Mr. Suddall, a retired merchant, of Kendal, intends to erect twelve almshouses and a church, at a cost of £10,000.

At the Jews' Orphan Asylum, West Norwood, last Saturday, was inaugurated a new building, which has been built and endowed by Mr. B. L. Cohen for the purpose of instructing the boys in various useful handicrafts.

A silver cup has been awarded by the President of the United States to Captain Frank M. Wallace, of the British barquentine Monsita, for his services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Barnett Jones, on March 12 last.

The usual banquets were held at Bristol last Saturday evening in celebration of the Colston anniversary; the collections for charitable and educational purposes at the dinners of the three great societies being as follow:—Dolphin (Conservative), £1706; Anchor (Liberal), £925; Grateful (Neutral), £902; total, £3534.

## RIVAL TRAWLERS AT SEA.

Much angry feeling, apparently with grievous occasion, has recently been expressed in the towns on the Channel coast and on that of the German Ocean, from Folkestone to Lowestoft and Yarmouth, at the conduct of foreign fishermen engaged in "trawling," some of whom are accused of wickedly destroying the Englishmen's fishing-gear. The trawl-net, which is used in the deep sea by at least three thousand British vessels, each with a crew of five or six men, and in which some millions of British capital must have been invested, is a very important instrument, and the most effective for its purpose. It is a bag-net, about 100 ft. long, the upper side of which is fastened to a wooden beam, 38 ft. long, which is lowered from the vessel by a rope 120 fathoms in length, and can be hauled up by a capstan. The under side of the net is attached to a slack ground-rope, which allows the mouth of the bag to remain open while dragged over the bottom of the sea, and it catches everything near the bottom—herrings, haddocks, soles, turbot, skate, brill, and other flat fish, of course without discrimination. Our wholesale fish-markets could not be supplied, as they are, by any other existing means, though it is considered injurious to some other kinds of fisheries. It is only practised when the sea bottom is sandy or muddy, and usually at a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms; the smacks, which are of about thirty-five tons burthen, sailing over the ground at between two and three miles an hour.

The French, Belgians, Dutch, and Germans share this pursuit in the neighbouring sea; and there are increasing complaints of unfair practices, which have led to serious quarrels with some Frenchmen landing at our Channel ports, indignation meetings, resolutions of the Lowestoft Town Council, memorials to her Majesty's Government, naval action in the seizure of the foreign trawler Josephine, of Dunkirk, by the British gun-boat Ariel, and diplomatic correspondence with France and Belgium. In consequence, a Belgian ship-of-war, the Ville d'Anvers, was sent to Lowestoft in order to assist the British Government to enforce the provisions of the North Sea Fisheries Convention. The nationality of the offending Josephine was considered doubtful; as, though supposed to belong to Dunkirk, she had sailed from Ostend. She had run foul of a Lowestoft lugger, the Clyde; her crew had pelted the men on board the English vessel with stones, and had even fired a gun into her rigging; but, for some reason, after being captured by the Ariel, she was released. It seems, however, that she had on board a quantity of English gurnet, nets, warps, and other fishing-gear, which had been cut and carried away from the ground previously occupied by English trawlers.

The mischief, in some cases, may probably be done without intention of plunder or for a merely malicious purpose, by an interloping trawler recklessly seeking to make her way across the ground where a trawl-net has already been laid, and to substitute her own apparatus for that of the first-comer. An instrument with sharp blades, which the Englishmen call a "devil," and of which we give an illustration, is hauled through the sea, to cut the nets or ropes that are to be so unjustly removed, and two of these "devils" were found on board the Josephine. Six of them were exhibited on the platform at a public meeting held at Lowestoft, the Mayor presiding, when much indignation was expressed. The National Sea Fishing Protection Association, of which Sir E. Birkbeck is president, has also taken up this serious question.

## THE MISSION TO KAFIRISTAN.

"Kafirs," in Asia or in Africa, are the heathen who do not believe in Mohammed, and this name is bestowed, in the adjacent Moslem countries of Persia and Afghanistan, and by their co-religionists of North-Western India, on the people beyond the mountains, where a mission of political inquiry was lately sent by the British Indian Government. Colonel Lockhart, C.B., and his English companions—Colonel Woodthorpe, Captain Barrow, and Dr. Giles—went up through Cashmere to Chitral, where they stayed several months; being prevented, by a civil war then raging in Kafiristan, from penetrating into that secluded country, they retraced their steps, and, passing through Yassin, crossed the Hindoo Koosh into the Upper Oxus valley, journeying through Wakhan and Dadakshan; at Zebak, they communicated with the Afghan Boundary Commission, under Sir Joseph West Ridgeway; they then recrossed the Hindoo Koosh, by the Darah Pass, and travelled homeward through Chitral, Ghilgit, and Cashmere; arriving safely in India, after great fatigues and hardships, and successful contests with the enmity and rapacity of some chiefs of the wild and barbarous nations. They brought much valuable information, and were specially thanked by Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India.

Colonel William Stephen Alexander Lockhart was born in 1841, son of the Rev. L. Lockhart, of Wicketshaw and Milton Lockhart, Lanarkshire. He was educated in Germany, entered the Bengal Army in 1858, served in the Sepoy War, attached to the 5th (Northumberland) Fusiliers; was Adjutant to the 14th Bengal Lancers in the Bhootan Expedition, aide-de-camp to the Commander of the Cavalry Brigade in the Abyssinian War, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General with the Hazara field force, Attaché to the Dutch army at Acheen, in Sumatra; head of the Intelligence Department at Cabul in 1879, and Chief of the Staff to Sir Donald Stewart, for which service he was made C.B.; employed on diplomatic service in Sumatra in 1884, appointed to the command of the 24th Punjaub Native Infantry, and acted for a short time as Quartermaster-General in India; he afterwards commanded a brigade in the Burmese expedition, and has won distinction upon many of these occasions.

Colonel Woodthorpe, R.E., was born in 1844, son of Captain J. B. Woodthorpe, R.N.; entered the Royal Engineers in 1865, was employed in the Indian Survey Department; he served in the Looshai expedition, and in the Afghan War, when he was slightly wounded at the Peiwar Kotul, and was at the siege of Sherepore, and other operations around Cabul, where he earned two brevets, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1883 and 1884, he was Survey officer and Field Engineer with the expedition on the Assam frontier.

Captain E. G. Barrow, of the Bengal Staff Corps, is son of Major-General F. L. Barrow, R.A., retired; he entered the Army in 1872, and joined the 102nd and the 89th Regiment, but is now in the 7th Bengal Infantry. He served in the Afghan and the Egyptian campaigns. Since 1879, he has usually been employed on the staff. He is at present Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General on the Intelligence Branch at Simla, but has been placed on special duty with Colonel Lockhart's Mission. He has received four decorations, and has twice been awarded the gold medal of the United Service Institute of India for essays on military subjects.

Dr. E. M. Giles is a son of Captain Giles, R.N. He was born in 1853, served as a civil volunteer at the Cape in 1878-9; entered the Indian Medical Service in 1880, after six years' military duty, and was appointed surgeon-naturalist to the Indian Marine Survey, from which he was detached in May, 1885, to serve with Colonel Lockhart's Mission. He took a valuable series of photographs.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

At one period or another of our lives, we almost all have to rely for our sustenance, for a longer or shorter period, mainly on milk. It contains every necessary element of food; and though these are not combined in quite the right proportions to form the entire food of adults, yet, as most of us have had occasion to observe in sickness, the fluid will maintain life for a considerable period almost unaided. Pure milk, or milk combined with soda-water, can often be digested when no other food can be taken. But it is for our babies that it is of the most consequence that we should be able to command a supply of unadulterated milk. When a child is "brought up by hand," cow's milk, properly diluted, should form the sole nourishment for the first six months, and the main food for the next six months of life. Children while being weaned also require a good supply of cow's milk. To us, then, both as mothers and as the natural watchers over the sick, the importance of milk being kept free from impurity is very obvious.

Unfortunately, a new form of adulteration appears lately to have crept into practice, which probably those who employ it have hardly recognised as unjustifiable. There is a drug called salicylate of soda—a comparatively new discovery—which has the special property of arresting fermentation. In other words, it keeps milk from going sour. There is no doubt that this drug has been lately introduced into many dairies. It is in itself tasteless, and does not discolour milk; and so it can be used without fear of ready detection. But, unhappily, it is not harmless. On the contrary, the medicinal effects are powerful, and dangerous if the drug be taken frequently or in considerable quantities. We must trust to our public analysts to definitely discover the existence of salicylic acid in our milk, and to our magistrates to convince dairy-keepers that they must not avail themselves of its preservative properties. All that we can individually do for the protection of the infants and invalids dependent on our care is to observe whether the milk supplied to us keeps sweet longer than it is natural for the fluid to do. If we do find this to be the case, we should act with discretion in either sending some of the milk to be analysed, or else changing the milkman without more ado. Common wines, and beers in barrel, are also said to be largely "doctored" with this preventive of sourness; but I am less concerned for the drinkers of these beverages than for the helpless babies and the invalids, whose life or death may turn on proper, wholesome diet.

The efforts of the Plumage League have not yet produced perceptible effect. More birds and wings than ever are being employed as trimmings for hats and bonnets. Sympathy with the movement was not obtained from the right quarter. The patronage of the Princess of Wales should have been sought before the League made its existence known to the world. Her Royal Highness is all-powerful in such a matter, not merely because of her exalted station, but also because she is a graceful and charming lady, and always perfectly dressed. Curious comments reach one sometimes on matters of public interest. When I recently suggested, "sarcastic-like," to the male critics of ladies who wore birds in their bonnets, that to eat a lark-pie was worse than to wear a single sea-gull's breast, a correspondent seriously wrote to tell me that, as nearly all the larks consumed were imported from other countries, there was nothing objectionable about devouring their poor little bodies by the half-dozen! This limitation of pity—this protection of sympathy, so to speak, for the native-born victims—is truly comically insular.

Ladies who have any sympathy to spare for export will be interested to hear that by the death of M. Paul Bert France has lost one of her most noted vivisectioners. M. Bert, who has fallen a victim to the encouragement that he rendered to the insane vanity and the jealousy of England which led France to the "policy of Tonquin," had not hesitated, at an earlier stage of his career, to sacrifice holocausts of tortured animals to his own scientific purposes. M. Bert was, for a short time, Minister of Public Instruction in France, and distinguished himself in that capacity mainly by the vigour with which he repressed religious teaching in schools. It must, however, be remembered that in France the Church and State, as at present constituted, are in open and undisguised antagonism.

M. Bert wrote one of the best little outlines of science for children that I have ever seen. No better work could possibly be found for use in home tuition; it gives an outline of all branches of natural science in a manner equally simple and reliable. It is called "The First Year of Scientific Knowledge," but the knowledge is given in so concentrated a form that it would need many years for a child to digest the whole. Madame Bert has translated this work into English very cleverly. She is, both by parentage and descent, a Scotch lady. She accompanied her husband on the mission to Tonquin, which resulted in his death, and shared with him the honour of a reception by the Queen-Mother, on the arrival of the French envoys in Tonquin. The more uncivilised races of the earth often appear as though they could teach us a lesson in conduct to parents. Every mark of respect was shown by the King to his mother during the interview which M. and Madame Bert had with her Majesty. The King removed his sandals, and knelt in front of the curtain which hid his old deaf mother from view; he then spoke to her in a loud tone, and received her answer, waiting after each sentence for the French interpreter to do his duty.

The most graceful robes of the present day are the tea-gowns which still remain so fashionable. It surely ought to teach us a lesson about the antagonism between tight-lacing and grace, that we are obliged to admit that we never look better, while we certainly never feel more comfortable than in these comparatively loose and easy garments. A very pretty one that I have just seen had a trained princess back of dark brown velvet, with a perfectly loose front of pale blue soft pout-de-soie, slightly confined at the waist by a brown velvet strap fastened with a silver clasp. Another was of myrtle satin duchesse, the back falling in a Watteau pleat, the sides and front à la princesse, the hips marked by a sloping band of a rich Oriental-looking embroidery, mainly of gold, done on a strip of satin, and upright collar and cuffs of the same embroidery; a waterfall of fine lace trimming down the front. A more thoroughly useful design than this it would be hard to imagine. A more showy, but less serviceable gown had a princess back of sky-blue plush, opening over a front of gold satin, which had at intervals, from neck to hem, pleatings of old lace carried diagonally across it, with moonlight blue sequins dotted about between these flounces. Yet another had a fitting jacket bodice of copper-coloured plush, with a loose blouse front of white lace; a train of skirt, hardly distinguishable from those of the bodice. The high collar was turned back with satin revers to match, as were the cuffs, and fastened-back with old silver buttons. A black velvet, with a loose front of pale lemon-coloured mervilleux; and a black satin, with a white satin plastron and tablier all in one piece, veiled in black lace flouncings, were both effective and serviceable. F. F. M.





COLONEL W. S. A. LOCKHART, C.B.



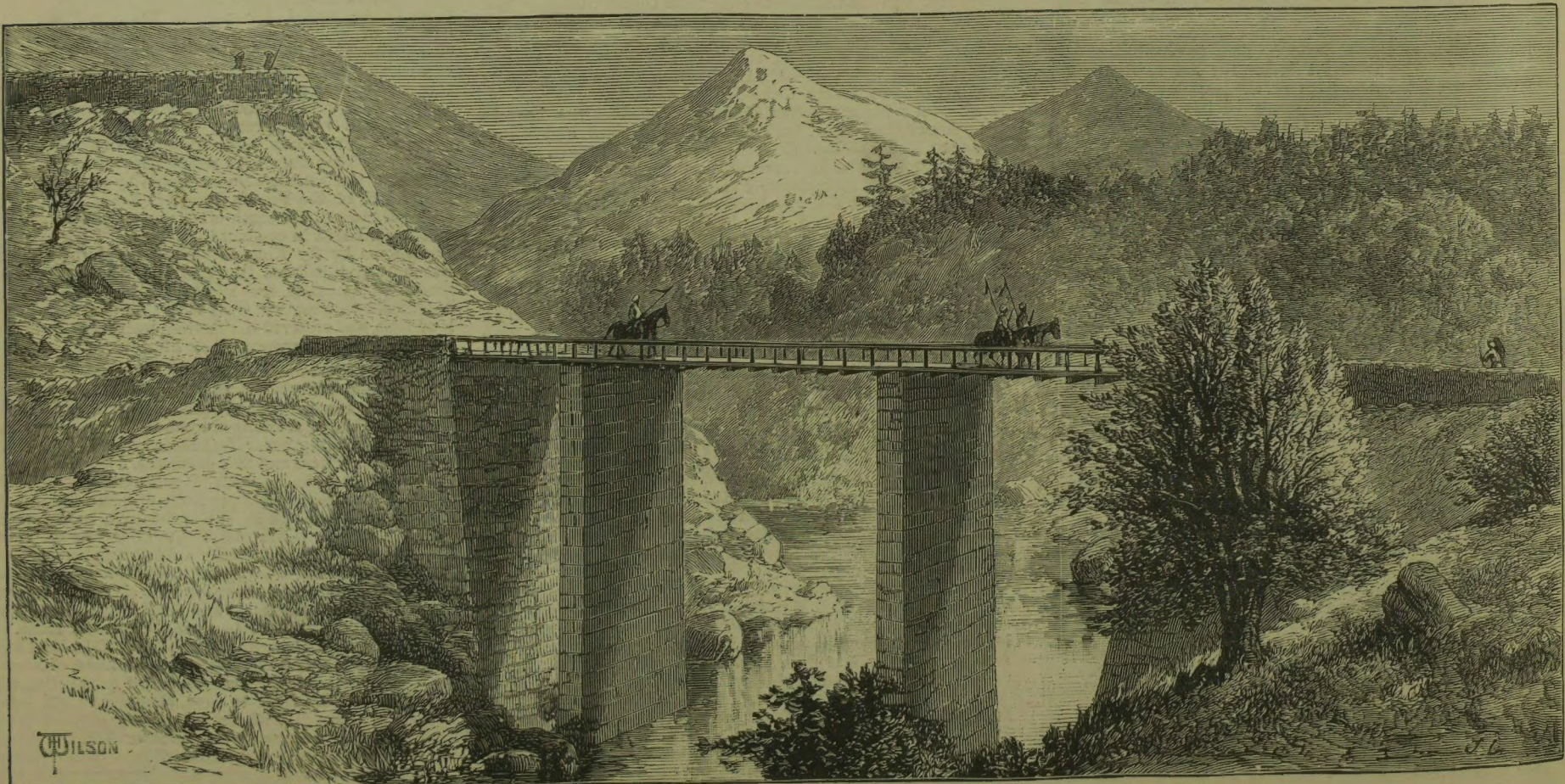
COLONEL R. G. WOODTHORPE, R.E.



DR. E. M. GILES.  
THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT MISSION TO KAFIRISTAN.



CAPTAIN E. G. BARROW.

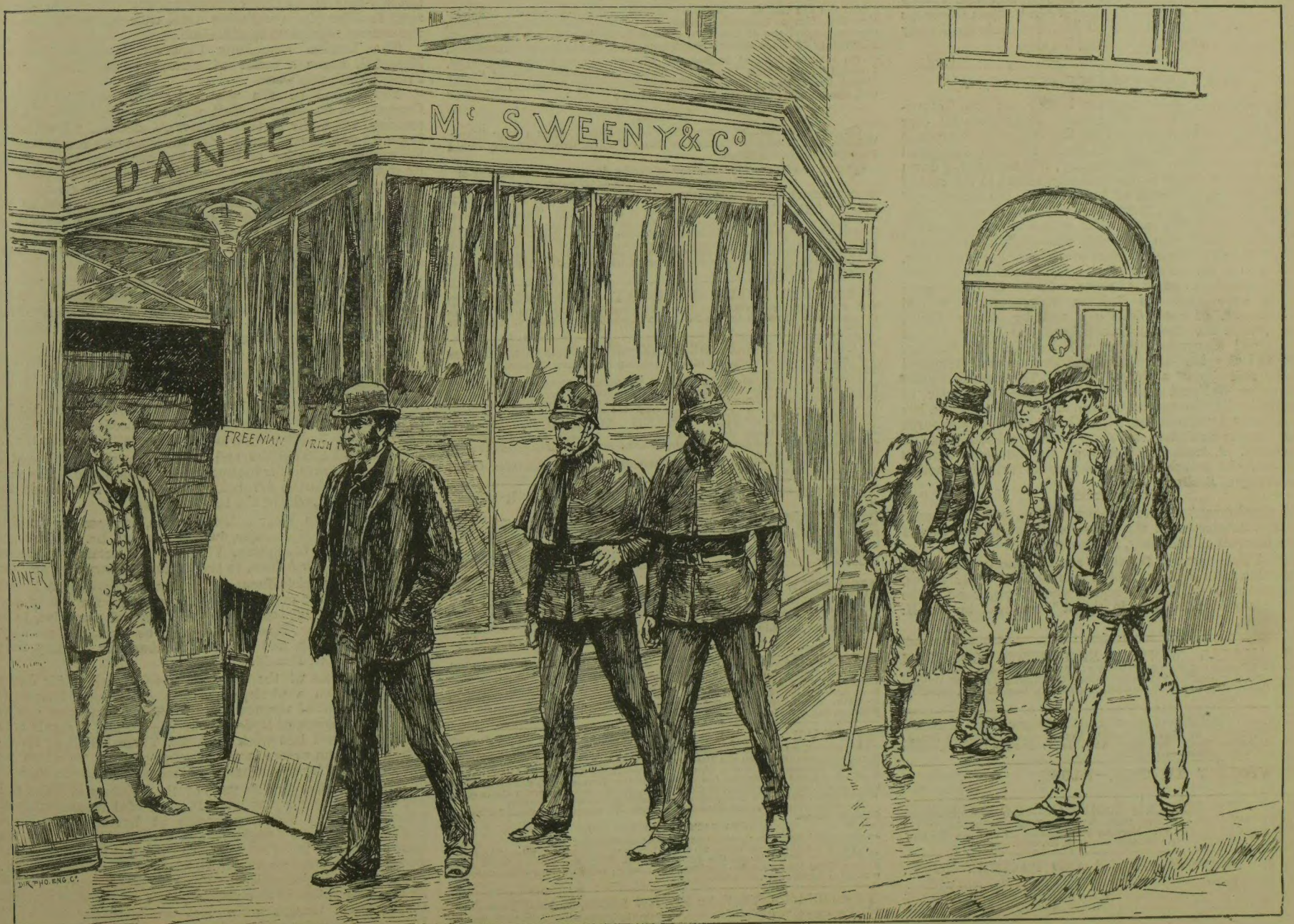


NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA: MILITARY BRIDGE OVER THE ANUMBAR RIVER, THULL CHOTIALI, BELOOCHISTAN.





TEARING DOWN PROCLAMATIONS OF THE BULGARIAN REGENCY AT VARNA.  
FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHAMIN.



WITH GENERAL BULLER IN KERRY: LORD KENMARE'S AGENT UNDER POLICE PROTECTION AT KILLARNEY,  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## THE COURT.

The Queen arrived in London on Thursday week, and visited the Duchess of Buccleuch at Montagu House, Whitehall, afterwards returning to Windsor. The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Secretary of State for War, arrived at the castle yesterday week, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Randall Davidson had the honour of being invited. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family last Saturday. The Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, had also the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On Sunday morning her Majesty and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, officiated. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster preached. Accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse, and attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Queen drove to Claremont on Monday from Windsor, and visited the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty remained to luncheon, and returned to the castle at 5.20 p.m. The Queen held an investiture of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India, and the Indian Empire, at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, in the White Drawing-room; and several gentlemen received the honour of knighthood. The investiture was a very large one. The Queen has sent £50 to the funds of Longmore Hospital for Incurables, Edinburgh, which she recently visited; has contributed £15 towards the erection of the National monument at Kinghorn, Fifeshire, to King Alexander III. of Scotland; and has sent £50 to Major Hayes, of Dublin, for the fund being raised for the Arklow fishermen whose boats were destroyed during the recent gales.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a county ball at Sandringham yesterday week, for which a large number of invitations were issued. Last Saturday the Prince and Princess and their three daughters, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and Lady Randolph Churchill, were present at the first Royal meet this season of the West Norfolk fox-hounds at Congham House. Prince and Princess Christian and the Duc d'Aumale left Sandringham for London on Saturday. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P., and the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, St. James's (the Rev. E. Sheppard, M.A.), arrived at Sandringham on Saturday afternoon on a visit. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the guests at Sandringham, attended Divine service at St. Mary Magdalene Church. The Rev. T. J. A. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. E. Sheppard, who preached the sermon. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Henry Matthews, M.P., and the Rev. E. Sheppard (Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal) left Sandringham on Monday. The Prince received at Sandringham two large deputations of London workmen, who thanked his Royal Highness for his successful efforts in enabling the artisans of the metropolis to attend the Exhibition at a cheap rate of admission. Addresses were presented from the London Trades' Council and the London Working Men's Association; and the Prince, in his replies, referred to the extraordinary success which had attended the scheme, more than a million persons having been benefited by it. The members of the two deputations were introduced to the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses, and, after being entertained at luncheon, were shown over the hall and estate, and returned to town in the evening by special trains. In the evening the Prince arrived at Newmarket, with a party of friends, for a few days' shooting over Mr. William Gilstrap's estate at Herringswell. His Royal Highness made the Jockey Club rooms his headquarters during his stay.

## THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

The Russian intrigues against the lawful national Government of Bulgaria have roused general indignation all over Europe, and have been rebuked by the Ministers of State at London and Vienna. One of the recent outrages, instigated and perhaps paid for by foreign agency, was the tearing down of a proclamation issued by the Regency, affixed to the wall of a public office in the town of Varna, when the approach of Russian war-vessels and troops was expected to menace that port, on the Black Sea coast, with a hostile occupation. A Sketch by an Artist who witnessed this disgraceful act, and who could testify to the anger that was felt by the Bulgarians, and the sullen acquiescence of the loyal soldiers on guard, appears this week on our pages. There is now good cause to hope that the Russian Government, warned by the speech of Lord Salisbury and by that of Count Kalnoky, with the steadfast attitude of the leaders of the Austrian and Hungarian Diets, will refrain from further attacks on Bulgarian State rights, and that we shall be spared the huge calamity of a European war. The election, by the Sobranje or National Assembly, of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, to fill the vacant throne of the Principality, has been declined by the King, his father; and it is rumoured that a Russian candidate, a Prince of Mingrelia, is likely to be proposed. A fresh Conference of the European Powers will probably be thought needful, to prevent further infraction of the Treaty of Berlin.

The appointment of Lord Wantage, K.C.B., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Berks, in the room of the late Marquis of Ailesbury, is gazetted.

Colonel Yule occupied the chair at the opening meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, which was held at their rooms, Albemarle-street, on Monday night, when a paper on "The Present State of Education in Egypt" was read by Mr. H. Cunyngame.

**THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PICTURES**, including J. L. E. Meissonier's new picture, "Le Voyageur," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

**FAUST.—LYCEUM.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY HAYING. FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**THE WITCHES' KITCHEN.—FAUST.**

**STRAND.**—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—A Grand Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Clas. Terry.

**THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW,** 1886.

The THIRTY-EIGHTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be HELD in BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, on SATURDAY, NOV. 27. Admission to witness the judging of the Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs, but not the Poultry, from Nine till Eleven o'clock, 10s. after that hour, 5s. Monday, Nov. 29, 5s.; Tuesday, Nov. 30, 1s.; Wednesday, Dec. 1, and Thursday, Dec. 2, 1s. till Five o'clock; after that hour, 6d. For Excursion Trains and other special arrangements see the advertisements and the bills of the various companies. The Hall will be illuminated with the Gulcher Safety Electric Light, as used at the Inventions Exhibition. JOHN B. LYTHER, Secretary.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will be Published on Dec. 6.

## A LARGE COLOURED PICTURE

By Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.,

LITTLE MISS MUFFET,

AND

## A STARTLING STORY by BRET HARTE,

ENTITLED

## A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY.

## ENGRAVINGS

Christmas Has Come Again! .. .. .	By Florence Gravier
Tuning Up .. .. .	By W. Rainey.
The Mistletoe Bough .. .. .	By A. Hunt.
Turkey in Egypt: Christmas at Cairo .. .. .	By G. L. Seymour.
Graziella .. .. .	By C. E. Perugini.
A Man and a Brother .. .. .	By R. C. Woodville.
The Biter Bit: or, The Highwayman's Collapse .. .. .	By F. Barnard.
A Midnight Alarm .. .. .	By F. Barnard.
A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready .. .. .	By W. H. Overend.
Home! .. .. .	By R. C. Woodville.
The Kittens' Christmas Party .. .. .	By Louis Wain.
The Lesson for the Day .. .. .	By A. Hunt.
Some of My Partners .. .. .	By Hal Ludlow.
Mr. Tompkins' Atonement .. .. .	By S. T. Dadd.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, THREEPENCE.

Now Ready,

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## ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

FOR 1887, CONTAINING

## SIX COLOURED PICTURES;

## TWENTY-FOUR FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;

## DIAGRAMS OF THE DURATION OF MOONLIGHT;

The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household; her Majesty's Ministers; Lists of Public Offices and Officers; Bankers; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the Session of 1885-6; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituaries of Eminent Persons; Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan Calendars; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large amount of useful and valuable information, which has during the past forty-three years made the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library; whilst it is universally acknowledged to be by far the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK is inclosed in an elegant cover, printed in colours by the same process as the COLOURED PLATES, and forms a useful and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.

The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 138, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

NOV. 20, 1886.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *Twopence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 7th ult., at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, New Zealand, by the Rev. Canon Cotterill, assisted by the Rev. Walter Harper, Philip Charles, second son of the Hon. Colonel F. M. Havelin, of Auckland, to Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Streeklund Stonestreet Field, of Christchurch.

On the 16th inst., at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. E. W. Pownall, M.A., Emslie John, only son of F. J. Horniman, Esq., of Surrey Mount, Forest Hill, to Laura Isabel, only daughter of Colonel A. G. Plomer, of 7, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair. (No cards.)

## DEATH.

On the 10th inst., at Nyresdale, Sutton, Surrey, after a long illness, William Arthur, beloved husband of Julia Frances Green, formerly of San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE BRIGHTON SEASON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 5.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.** EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.** VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares: Single, 31s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS**, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage-circus Office. (By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.**—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF** MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

## SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglaises, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DOLÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

## MUSIC.

The specialty of the week was the performance, on Monday evening, by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new cantata, "The Golden Legend," for the first time since its production last month at the Leeds Festival, for which occasion it was commissioned and composed. The great success then obtained was paralleled on Monday by the enthusiastic reception of the work, and of the composer who conducted it. The principal solo singers were, as at Leeds, Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King. The three first-named artists gave, respectively, the music belonging to the characters of Elsie, Ursula, and Prince Henry, with the same special effect as before; Mr. King having sung the important passages allotted to Lucifer with earnestness, but scarcely with sufficient power for such a vast space as the interior of the Albert Hall. The fine choral music—especially the unaccompanied "Evening Hymn" and the epilogue—were excellently rendered by the enormous choir of the society, and the elaborate orchestral details were mostly given with due effect. The cantata was preceded by Hiller's "Song of Victory"—the soprano solo passages well sung by Miss Pauline Cramer—the performance of this having been directed by Mr. Barnby, conductor to the society.

Since our last notice of the performances of the French opera company at Her Majesty's Theatre, "Les Cloches de Corneville" has been brought out with its original text, and with two of the artists associated with its first performances in Paris. These were Madame Girard and Monsieur Simon Max. The work belongs more properly to the class of opéra-bouffe than to that of opéra comique, and should scarcely have found a place in M. Mayer's repertoire. It has been given innumerable times in an English version by Messrs. Farnie and Reece, whose compressed adaptation is more effective than the French original. The music is lively (not to say flippant), but has little constructive art entitling it to rank as opera, in the true sense of the term. The piece, in its French diffuseness, was well played in last week's performance. This week's performances have consisted of repetitions of works already noticed.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have not presented any specialty requiring detailed comment, since the commencement of the new season already recorded. At the second Monday evening concert, Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist, and Miss Fanny Davies the solo pianist, the vocalist having been Madame Valleria, who made a very favourable impression. The accompanist was Mr. W. Ganz. Last Saturday's afternoon concert included Madame Frickenhaus's excellent performance of Chopin's elaborate "Scherzo" in C sharp minor, and another pianoforte solo in answer to an encore, besides her co-operation in Brahms's pianoforte quintet in F minor. Herr Straus was the leading violinist in Dvorák's string quartet in E flat, and his skill as a soloist was manifested in the execution of the late Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's very dry "Toccata, Adagio, and Capriccio," accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. C. H. Ould, who was also the accompanist to lieder of Schubert and Mendelssohn, finely sung by Mr. E. Lloyd. The Monday evening concert programme of this week again included the names of Madame Norman-Néruda as leading violinist and Madame Frickenhaus as solo pianist; Miss Hope Glenn having been the vocalist.

Last week's Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace brought forward a violin concerto by Niels Gade, the Danish composer, whose earlier works were far superior to his more recent productions, including the concerto now referred to, which was skilfully executed by Mr. John Dunn, as also was Ernst's fantasia on themes from Rossini's "Otello." The young violinist possesses a highly trained mechanism; but his tone is capable of improvement. Mr. Sims, Reeves sang familiar pieces with his usual success. Other items of the concert require no specification.

The London Symphony Concerts, instituted by Mr. Henschel, began a series of sixteen performances at St. James's Hall, this week.

The second of the new series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, will take place next Tuesday evening, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," will be performed, with the same solo vocalists as at the recent production of the work at the Leeds Festival, and its repetition at the Royal Albert Hall. On Tuesday, Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" ("De Pâques") will also be given.

Mr. L. Van Boelen announced an evening concert at the Townhall, Shoreditch, for last Monday evening, in aid of the Jewish Home, Stepney-green, the funds of which are not in a favourable condition. Mr. Van Boelen arranged an attractive programme.

Viscountess Folkestone organised two amateur concerts at the Prince's Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, when the programme included the co-operation of the Ladies' String Band.

Mr. Charles Martin Hardie, Mr. Arthur Melville, and Mr. James Hamilton, have been chosen Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy.

An estate seventy-eight acres in extent has been handed over to the Recreation Committee of the Leeds Corporation, to be laid out as a pleasure-ground for the east end of the town.

Last week 2565 births and 1420 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 247 and the deaths 277 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Canon Spence, Vicar of St. Pancras, has been appointed to the Deanery of Gloucester, in the place of Dr. Butler; and the Rev. T. L. Claughton, Vicar of Kidderminster, son of the Bishop of St. Albans, to the vacant Canonry at Worcester.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. have arranged with Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons, of New York, for the agency, in the United Kingdom, of their illustrated magazine, to be called *Scribner's Magazine*. It will be published monthly, price one shilling, and the first number, for January next, will be issued on Dec. 15.

Our Portrait of the retiring Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Bacon, is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; that of the new Mayor of West Ham, from one by Mr. Jabez Hughes, of Ryde, Isle of Wight; and it should have been mentioned last week that Mr. Thomas Fall, of Baker-street, Portman-square, was the photographer to whom we were indebted for the portrait of General Sir Redvers Buller.

The sojourn, early this year, of the Princess of Wales and her daughters at Torquay has left a grateful remembrance of pleasure felt by the townspeople at having their Royal Highnesses in that delightful and fashionable town of the South Devon coast. From March 1 to April 3, they were the guests of the Duchess of Sutherland, at Sutherland Tower, where they were joined by the Prince of Wales for a day or two. In commemoration of this visit, a public subscription provided the beautiful present made, last week, to her Grace the Duchess—an ivory and gold casket, expressly designed and manufactured by Mr. Conroy Couch, silversmith and jeweller, of that town. A photograph of the casket, taken by Mr. Edwin Debenham, of 1, Cary-parade, Torquay, has been sent to us, which proves it to be a work of much taste and skill.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Before adding the celebrated scene of the Witches' Kitchen to the superbly illustrated Lyceum edition of Goethe's "Faust," Mr. Henry Irving must have seriously considered the value of the old policy "to leave well alone." On the one hand, he had the serious German critics, who knew their "Faust" by heart, who insisted that he had not done enough, had not explained this, or set forth that, and would have scarcely been satisfied, or their literary consciences soothed, without the Prologue in Heaven, and Mr. Merriman into the bargain. On the other hand, there was the playgoing public, who entirely approved of the Lyceum "Faust" as it stood, who flocked to the theatre in overflowing numbers, and who cordially indorsed Mr. Irving's policy of giving such a representation of Goethe's poem as should be satisfactory to the many rather than consoling to the few. The scholar will, no doubt, cordially approve what Mr. Irving has done—this same scholar who months ago would have insisted on a version of "Faust" that, owing to its unsuitability to the modern stage, would not have run a month. He will be delighted to see Faust and Mephisto assisting at the Witches' incantation, and the manufacture of the hellish potion that is to turn the old philosopher into the youthful sensualist. He will own that there is now a reason for Faust's transformation; he will rejoice at the existence of the Mirror Scene, so often misunderstood before, mainly owing to the opera; and will only regret that the Witches' Kitchen precedes and does not follow the scene at the Lyceum that is substituted for the Auerbach cellar. But, as against the scholar and student of Goethe, we have the uninformed playgoer—the very man Mr. Irving has been studiously teaching for so many months past. He will not be so easily satisfied. The opening of the new "Faust" will be to him somewhat of a mystery. He will weary of a darkened stage, and long for the appearance of Margaret. He will complain of the length of the mysterious introduction to "Faust," and sigh for the suggestion of the love story that is at once its interest and its strength. Not only at Christmas-time, but at any time, the old or youthful playgoer would be irresistibly reminded of pantomime by any possible representation of the Witches' Kitchen. The question is, whether it is wise to prepare the mind for a serious consideration of this lovely play with so discordant, or rather, with so harsh a note. When a cauldron blazes and bubbles on the stage, surrounded by apes and monkeys; when demons and hobgoblins fly about the air; when a grey-haired witch comes down the chimney and fights with a fiend in scarlet; when the stage is occupied with an incantation, and all the abracadabra of sorcery, and when ultimately the same witch flies into the air on a broomstick, it requires the best balance of all well-balanced minds to keep the thoughts back from childhood days and Boxing night at Drury-Lane. The scene is artistic and complete in execution—no fault could be found with it whatever. Only Mr. Irving, with his commanding influence, could have done such a thing, and still preserved solemnity and awe during the grim ritual of the nursery. The question is, whether it is wholly wise, except for some very good reason, to lengthen out the mystery and philosophy of "Faust" at the expense of the action and the story. If it had been possible practically to interpolate the Auerbach cellar with all its drunken detail between the Study scene and the Witches' Kitchen, the best part of the difficulty would have been avoided; but, as it is, the gloomy overture is inordinately long, and the hungry playgoer wants to get at the story. I should very much doubt the wisdom of playing the Witches' Kitchen scene in America.

"David Garrick" has proved a very interesting revival at the Criterion, where, at last, Mr. Charles Wyndham has been persuaded to put forth his full strength as a comedian, and to show that, in addition to his fun and liveliness, he can have his serious and pathetic moments also. The change of front at the Criterion has, however, been alluded to with undue gravity. The casual reader would imagine that Mr. Wyndham had turned his theatre into a home of tragedy, and had suddenly turned his attention to the plays of Monk Lewis or Kotzebue! This will astonish those who remember the representation of "David Garrick" in the days of Edward Sothern. There are pathetic and serious moments, no doubt, in the play; but the scene where muffins and crumpets fly about the room, where lighted candles are dabbed into the faces of crusty old gentleman playing cards or swallowing plum-cake, where Garrick sits alternately on the floor and on the lap of infuriated spinsters, and hurls decanters at poor old Citizen Ingot's glass and china, are incidents scarcely in harmony with the staid decorum of tragedy. Mr. Wyndham's David is an interesting and very graceful performance. He has as much humour as Sothern, and more truth in his tender tones. If I were asked, I should say that he did not play the first act as well as his predecessor; that he played the second, or drunken act, just as well; and the third, or sympathetic act, infinitely better. But then the manager—the actor-manager, as so many actor-managers will do, sacrificed the play for the sake of his company. He forced Robertson's play into the narrow grooves of the Criterion company, instead of building up the company to suit the play. This is so often done on the modern stage, and so many good plays are spoiled by it. Mr. David James is a strong, useful, and popular actor. He is in the company; he must be used; so of course old Ingot must be altered—and spoiled—in order to get Mr. David James into the cast. Miss Mary Moore is a charming, interesting, but, at present, not very experienced actress; so, of course, Ada Ingot must be levelled down to suit the new actress. But how about the poor play? The spectator will not be bamboozled. The old playgoer remembers what Ada Ingot and old Ingot were; the young playgoer is fully aware what they ought to be. Ada is a high-souled, enthusiastic, and demonstratively romantic girl, capable of deep love and deeper disgust. She should be able to be absorbed in her interest for the handsome actor, and able to turn him out of her father's house with the air and dignity of a tragedy queen. Old Ingot is a vulgar old citizen of the last century, with a tender, human heart beating under his capacious waistcoat. To make him a sentimental father is to spoil the purpose of the play. Plays written one way, can only be acted one way. The motive of "David Garrick" is as simple as the alphabet; and no management device can substitute "a" for "z," or "z" for "a"! The performance of Mr. Blakely and Mr. George Giddens is far better than anything of the kind that we got at the Haymarket, notwithstanding the fact that old Rogers and Buckstone were in the cast. But how came it about that people believe that Mrs. Kendal, when Madge Robertson, played in "David Garrick" during the reign of Nelly Moore? There could not have been two such stars in one hemisphere. Mrs. Kendal did not come to the Haymarket until 1865, when she made her debut as Ophelia to the Hamlet of Walter Montgomery.

The Dramatic Students—an estimable society of young actors and actresses—are continuing their good and interesting work. Their sixth revival of forgotten plays consisted of Oliver Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," which was performed at the Vaudeville before a distinguished literary

and artistic audience. We can now see why managers have hitherto shirked it, as David Garrick did when it was written, in spite of the protestations of Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. If the playgoer, of to-day would only patronise plays for the sake of pure literature, we might see many more of such curiosities; but, unfortunately, they sample last century plays and modern works together. The farcical scene, that nearly damned the "Good-Natured Man" when Coleman brought it out at Covent-Garden in 1768, went the best of any with the students, for the very good reason that it is one of the best scenes in the play, and it brought to the front two very clever young men, Mr. H. H. Morell and Mr. Dodsworth. The last-named young gentleman is an artist who should attract the attention of managers on the look out for what is called "rising talent." He possesses the genuine "vis comica," and can act and carry on the business of the scene without speaking. He only played the bailiff's follower, with scarcely three lines to speak; but he made the artistic hit of the afternoon. A character like Miss Richland does not suit Miss Norreys, whose forte is strong comedy; but a promising young lover turned up in Mr. Duncan Young, who was cast for Leontine.

C. S.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 16.

General Boulanger has gained more popularity this week by presiding over a grand meeting of the gymnastic societies of Paris, held at the Hippodrome on Sunday. The General is well-looking, genial, cordial, and an easy orator, and he has that sense of show, and of the value of appearances which the French appreciate. His popularity cannot fail to grow, and those who live long enough will, probably, see the General President of the French Republic. His speech to the gymnastic societies was all the more important as it was very moderate in terms, and as it was an official declaration of the present attitude of France in the European concert. Speaking of the great usefulness of the gymnastic societies in preparing the young men of France for the labours and exercises of military service, General Boulanger repudiated the idea that this patriotic movement was inspired by aggressive thoughts. "The first condition," said the General, "for the development of the intellectual, industrial, and commercial resources of a great nation is the feeling of security based on the consciousness of strength. For my own part, being more a patriot than a soldier, I desire, ardently, the maintenance of peace, which is so necessary for the progress and happiness of my country. And that is the reason why, disdaining certain attacks, and strong in the sentiment of duty, I continue incessantly to prepare for war, which is the only guarantee of durable peace." General Boulanger was escorted by an enthusiastic and applauding crowd all the way from the Hippodrome to the Ministry of War. It was a great day for the Minister. It is also satisfactory to note that the wise and measured declarations of the General have produced an excellent impression, and done much to efface the souvenir of previous slips of a hasty and ardent tongue.

Except amongst the members of the Right of the Chamber who have had the bad taste to combat, even beyond the grave, the great champion of anti-clericalism, the untimely death of M. Paul Bert, in Tonquin, has excited only sympathy. "It is hard to die at fifty-three," you hear one say. "And such a charming and simple man," says another; "and a man of profound science; he had studied everything." "Why did he go to Tonquin? He was rich. He could not have been tempted by the salary." "The insurance companies are in for it," chimes in a practical Bourse man; "he insured his life for 600,000f. before he sailed." Born at Auxerre, in 1833, M. Paul Bert studied successively for the Polytechnic School, for law, and for medicine. In 1867 he taught zoology at Bordeaux, and soon took the work of Claude Bernard at the Sorbonne. The closest friendship arose between Claude Bernard and Paul Bert. In 1865 M. Paul Bert began to think of the Parliamentary career; and, after examining the horizon, he came to the conclusion that Republicanism was the course to follow, and although his family traditions were directly opposed to Republicanism, M. Paul Bert never hesitated a moment. His object was success. After the war he entered Parliament, and established his position at once as an irreconcilable materialist and persecutor of the clergy. In 1881 Gambetta made him Minister of Public Instruction, when he made himself enemies on all sides, and worried even his own party by his excessive violence. M. Paul Bert was a distinguished physiologist; but it is to be feared that the encroachments of politics will have prevented him from drawing any great and lasting conclusion from the innumerable curious facts which his persevering researches led him to discover. The Chamber of Deputies have voted a pension of 12,000f. to the widow of M. Paul Bert, and a state funeral to the deceased. The Government has not yet found a successor for M. Bert.

At the Ambigu we have had a new pseudo-historical play, called "Le Fils de Porthos," full of movement and adventure, and giving a pretext for scenery, costumes, and effective mis-en-scène. The piece is a dramatisation, by M. Blavet, of a novel of the same name, written by M. Paul Mahalin, who was some time secretary to the elder Dumas. This novel is the continuation of "The Three Musketeers"; and it must be confessed with joy that both novelist and dramatist have inherited something of the dash, spirit, and gaiety of the great Dumas.

The fasting man, Merlatti, completes to-day the twenty-first day of his fast. His weight has diminished from sixty-one kilogrammes to fifty-three; the temperature of the body has sunk; the pulse is normal and regular; and anemia is not very pronounced. Merlatti is resolved to continue his experiment to the end; but the doctors do not think he will be able to do so. Succi, the other fasting man, finds considerable difficulty in organising a committee of surveillance; the French doctors show no great eagerness to sacrifice their time to the matter; and, as Succi's experiment is combined with a commercial enterprise and gate-money, the matter is rather delicate. It is impossible to say when Succi will begin his fast, or whether he will begin it at all.

The Paris publishers are becoming very active, and amongst all the frivolous and serious books which appear one does not know which to notice first. Let patriotism have its rights, and let me call the attention of English readers to a novel called "Nell Horn," by M. Rosny. A good many Frenchmen have written recently about London, but in none of their works have I discovered the sincerity and precise observation which distinguishes "Nell Horn." There is in this book a study of the Salvation Army, altogether striking in its vividness. M. Rosny, I hear, has been living for the past eight years in East London, and living the life of the types he describes. In a very different tone is M. Ludovic Halévy's new volume, "Princesse," which contains a series of portraits of young ladies, and a study of French matrimonial calculations most delicately observed and wittily put. The firm of Quantin has just issued a splendid édition de luxe of Alexander Dumas' famous novel, "La Dame aux Camélias," quarto, with illustrations by Lynch, thirty heliogrammes and ten etchings. M. Dumas has written a new preface for this edition, and, in

spite of all that has been said about the book and the heroine, he finds something new to tell us—namely, how he wrote the book at Saint Germain. One day, thirty-eight years ago, he missed the train, and had to sleep at an inn, the Cheval Blanc, which has now disappeared. While walking up and down the terrace, he began to think of Marie Duplessis, the original model of La Traviata. Why not write the story of her life? And no sooner said than done. He bought some paper, and stayed a month at the Cheval Blanc writing the story. Then he returned to Paris, and sold the first edition of 1200 copies to the publisher Cadot for £40. The touching novel "Renée Maupérin," by the brothers E. and J. De Goncourt, has been dramatised by M. Henry Céard, and will be produced at the Odéon this week. It is expected that the piece will be a great literary success, and, whether it be a success or not, M. Edouard De Goncourt intends to dramatisé his novel of "Germinie Lacerteux," and thus attempt to carry on to the stage some of those realistic conceptions which he has so admirably rendered in his romances. T. C.

The Emperor of Germany; the Crown Prince, Princes William of Prussia and Ludwig of Bavaria, returned to Berlin last Saturday from Letzlingen, all in the best of health. Princess William went from Potsdam to Berlin on Sunday morning, to be present at a family dinner at the Emperor's Palace.—The Crown Prince received on Monday the French Ambassador, M. Herbette, who has since warmly acknowledged the extreme kindness and frankness of the Heir Apparent.—The marriage of Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Schwerin with Prince Reuss took place on Wednesday.—Prince Von Bismarck, after a brief stay in the capital, left Berlin on Monday for Friedrichsruhe.—Last Saturday the second entrance to the great naval harbour at Wilhelmshaven was ceremoniously opened in presence of General Von Caprivi, chief of the Admiralty. The main feature of the ceremony was the passage of the ironclad Friedrich Karl through the new water-way.—The Prussian Military Budget has been submitted to the Federal Council. The permanent expenditure is estimated at 267,577,000 marks, and the non-recurring expenditure at 27,811,000 marks.—Dr. Fischer, the well-known African traveller, died at Berlin, on the 11th inst., from gastric fever.

M. Beernaert, the Prime Minister, laid on the table of the Belgian House of Representatives last Tuesday a bill for the conversion of the Public Debt. He proposes to reduce the interest from 4, as it now stands, to 3½ per cent.

The soldiers who took part in the insurrection in Madrid on Sept. 19 have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, except one boy, whose term is for fifteen years.

The King of Denmark has sent a reply to the Bulgarian Regents to the effect that he cannot authorise his son to accept the Throne of Bulgaria. The Sobranje, on receiving this answer, appointed a deputation to proceed to the European Courts, and explain the situation of affairs. It is stated that Russia has a candidate to place on the Bulgarian Throne in the Prince of Mingrelia, a Russian subject at present in the Caucasus. He is forty years of age, and is son-in-law to Count Adlerberg, formerly Russian Court Minister.

Sir H. D. Wolff left Cairo on Monday afternoon by special train, and is travelling by the Brindisi route to London.

A committee of English and Canadian residents at New York is being formed to organise a celebration of the Queen's jubilee; and one of the suggestions to be considered is the erection of a colossal statue of her Majesty, a hundred feet higher than M. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty.

A Reuter's telegram from Cape Town last Saturday states that the official returns of the revenue of Cape Colony last month show that the Customs yielded £82,240, and the railways £91,090.

Lord Dufferin returned to Bombay last Saturday evening from a short cruise which he has been making on the troopship Clive for the benefit of his health. His reception was of a very cordial character. His Excellency was unable to continue his tour owing to indisposition. Lord Dufferin has, however, completely recovered, and on Tuesday received and returned the visits of several native chiefs, including the Maharajah of Kolapore and the Rao of Cutch.

Severe fighting has taken place in Burmah, where Lieutenant Eckersley, 2nd Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry, was killed during an attack on the Kemendine Prince, who was put to flight with loss. Lieutenant Fryer, 18th Bengal Infantry, was wounded in an engagement in which he defeated 1000 rebels who were stockaded at Myo-Gee, and delivered the loyal Woon.

Mr. Julian Salmons has been appointed Chief Justice of New South Wales, in succession to the late Sir James Martin.

Miss Emily Faithfull has received, from the Royal Bounty, a grant of £100, in recognition of her services, "literary and otherwise," in the cause of women.

Dr. Cornthwaite, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds, on completing his jubilee as Bishop, was last week presented with an address and a purse of gold containing over £1000.

Mr. Arthur Kekewich, Q.C., has been appointed a Judge of the Chancery Division, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Vice-Chancellor Bacon.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Aberdeen, which sailed from Plymouth, with emigrants, in September.

Mr. Whitworth Wallis, Director of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, has got together a very large and fine collection of the works of Mr. F. H. Henshaw, a veteran Birmingham artist.

The large collection of paintings, drawings, engravings, &c., bequeathed to the Bethnal-green branch of the South Kensington Museum, by the late Mr. Joshua Dixon, was opened to the public on the 11th inst.

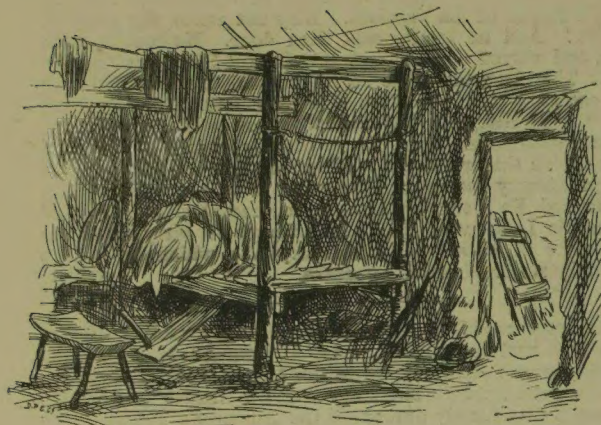
At Cambridge University the Smith's prizes for higher mathematics have been adjudged to Mr. W. P. Workman, B.A., Trinity College (first prize), and to Mr. Robert Franklin Murehead, B.A., St. Catharine's College (second prize).

A testimonial was yesterday week presented to Mr. Matthew Arnold by 252 teachers in Westminster on his retirement, after thirty-five years' service, from the office of Inspector of Schools for the district. Mr. Arnold acknowledged the presentation in an address which was received with much approbation.

A memorandum to the Prince of Wales, President of the International Inventions Exhibition (1885), signed by Sir F. Bramwell, chairman of the Council, reports that the last statement of accounts showed the total receipts of the Exhibition to be £208,490 4s. 1d., and the total expenditure to be £213,927 12s., thus leaving a debit balance of £5437 7s. 11d. It was hoped, however, that upon the adjustment of certain claims against the Executive Council and the settlement of matters now outstanding with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, this debit would be extinguished, and any call upon the guarantors rendered unnecessary.



## THE EVICTION CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

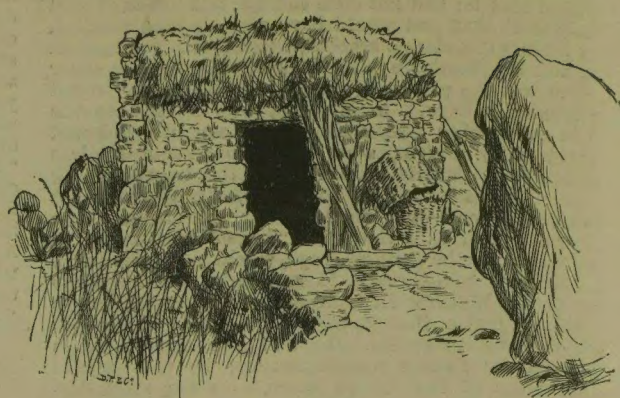


MARY GRIFFIN'S BEDSTEAD.

The recent evictions of numerous poor tenants on the Carraroe estate, in the county of Galway, were attended with distressing scenes, of which one of our Special Artists was a witness; and his letter, which we published last week, may here be quoted again. This district, between the shores of Galway Bay and Lough Corrib, is one of the most dismal parts of Ireland, a country of rocks and bogs from which, as he says, it is wonderful that any rent should be extracted. There is no soil to cultivate; there are no cattle, and the few starving sheep have scarcely the shelter of a bush. The people huddle in the wretchedest of cabins, foul with smoke, the floor wet with the rain dripping through the black thatch of the roof, and the window, one pane of glass a foot square, hardly admitting



SUMMONING PEOPLE TO RESIST EVICTIONS.



WIDOW DONNELLAN'S HUT.

light; the furniture is a three-legged stool, an old box, or a wooden plank supported by two stones; the potatoes are eaten out of a "skeigh" or wicker basket; the bed is usually made on the floor, but in one of these Sketches we see "Mary Griffin's bedstead," which is certainly "a four-poster." The exterior view of Widow Donnellan's hut, and an interior, with another poor woman seated by her own fireside, may give English readers an idea of the home life of some of the Irish peasantry. In many instances, after an eviction, the cabins or huts are set on fire, being worthless to the landlord, and the roofless walls are visible on the moor or the hillside. The destitute families, meanwhile, trudge sadly along the road to Oughterard Workhouse. This description of the state of the country is

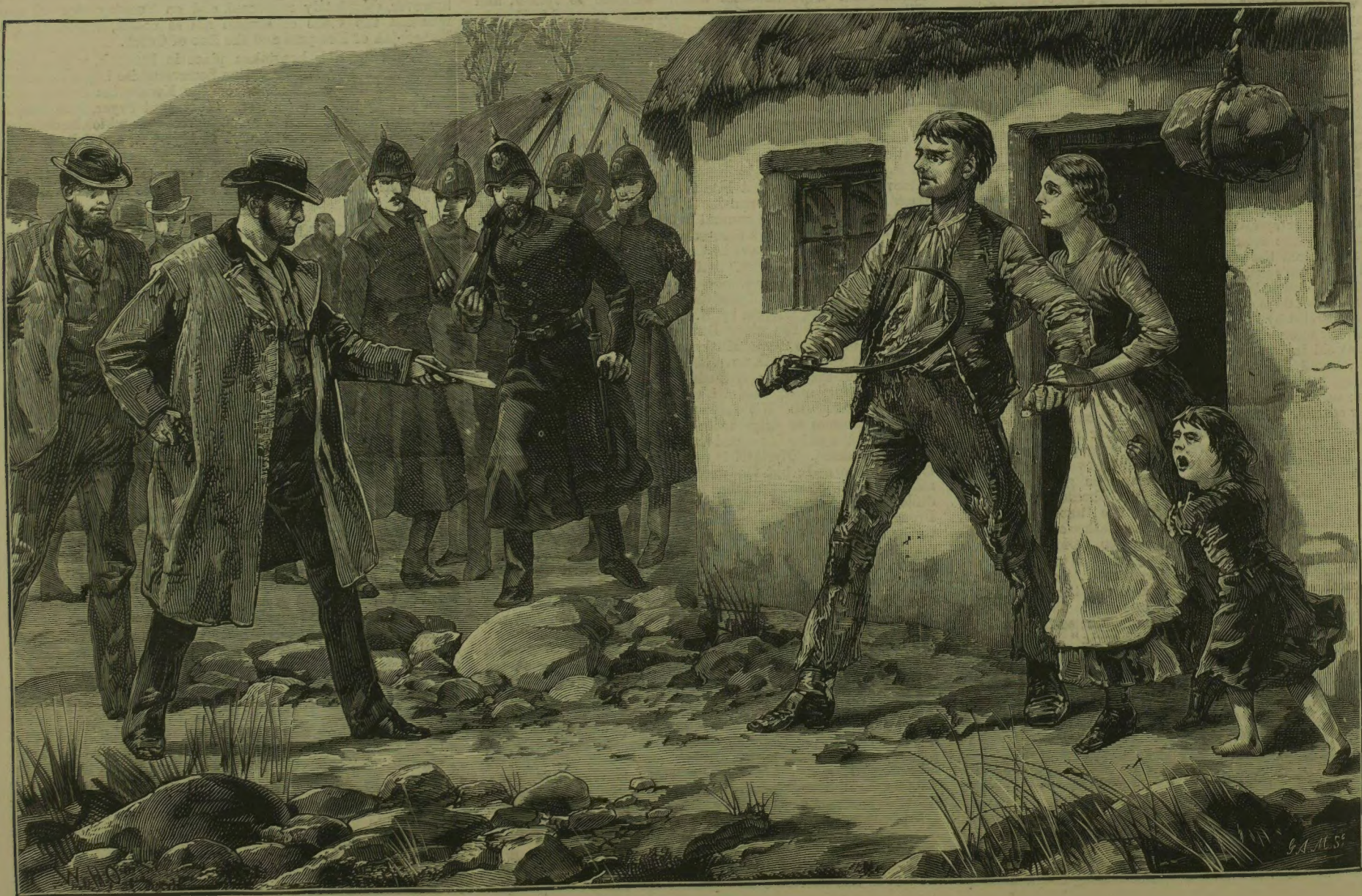


HUTS FROM WHICH TENANTS WERE EVICTED.



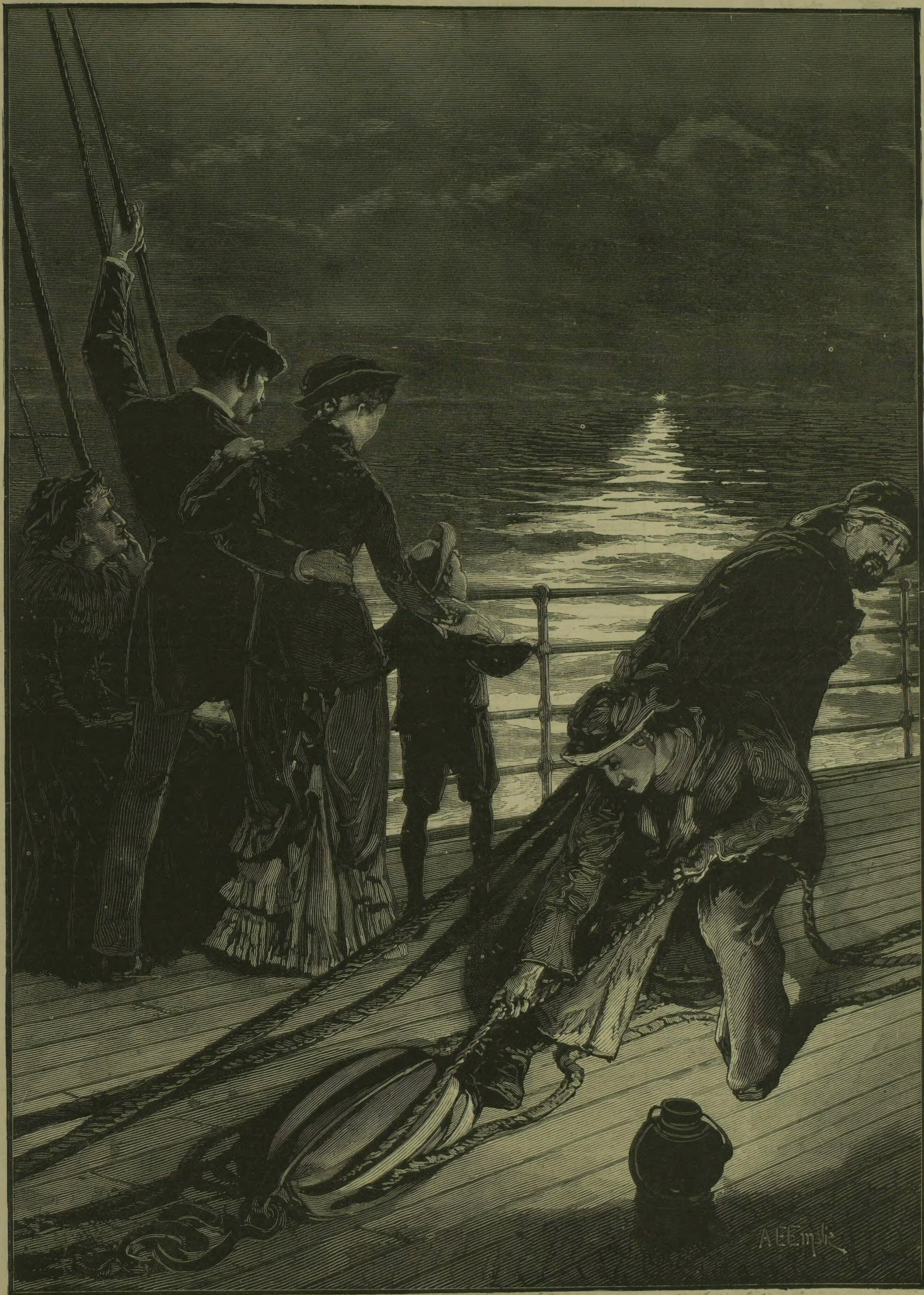
AN IRISH HOME.

EVICTIIONS AT CARRAROE, COUNTY GALWAY.—SKETCHES BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.



WITH GENERAL BULLER IN KERRY: RESISTANCE TO EVICTION.  
SKETCH BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.





DEPARTURE OF COLONIAL VISITORS: THE LAST GLIMPSE OF OLD ENGLAND.

borne out by the reports of Mr. James Tuke, the benevolent Quaker of Hitchin, whose labours for the relief of the famishing in Galway, Mayo, and Donegal were known before the Land League. There is, however, a new feature in the condition of the West of Ireland in these days, the organised resistance to evictions; of which our Artist in Galway furnishes an illustration, in his Sketch of two men perched aloft on a crag, with a flag and a horn, summoning the peasantry to assemble when the agents of the law are seen coming down the road. The other Sketch, in which an evicted tenant, armed with a reaping-hook, makes a feeble show of opposition, was taken in the neighbourhood of Trillick, by the Special

Artist who is observing these scenes in Kerry. He has also been at Killarney, where, in the principal street of that town, Lord Kenmare's agent has to walk about under the protection of the armed police. General Sir Redvers Buller, indeed, has achieved some success in putting down the bands of "moonlighters," but it cannot yet be said that, in Kerry, life and property are safe. Many loyal and honest persons in Ireland seem agreed in thinking that there can be no material change for the better without the suppression of the National League, and the re-enactment in a perpetual form, applicable, if needful, to the entire kingdom, of the more useful provisions of the Crimes Act—such as those dealing with change of venue

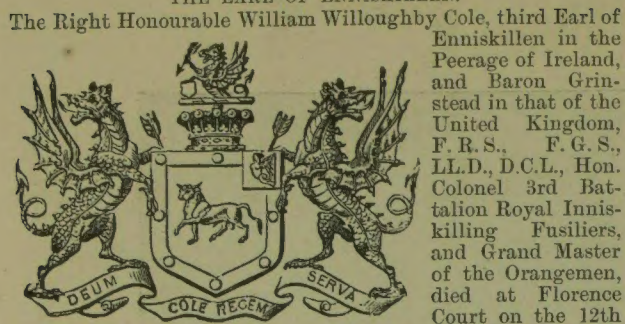
and special jurors, and examination of witnesses when a crime has been committed, charging extra-police upon particular areas, and compensation for malicious injuries to the person, as well as to cattle and property.

Lady John Manners distributed at the Westminster Town-hall, yesterday week, the prizes which had been given by the National Temperance League to students in training colleges and scholars in elementary schools for essays and reports on temperance, written in connection with the educational work of the league.



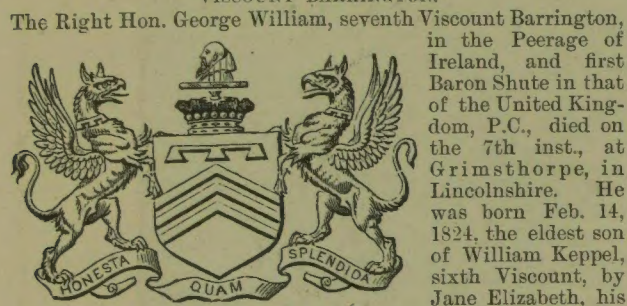
## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.



The Right Honourable William Willoughby Cole, third Earl of Enniskillen in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Grinstead in that of the United Kingdom, F.R.S., F.G.S., LL.D., D.C.L., Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Grand Master of the Orangemen, died at Florence Court on the 12th inst. He was born Jan. 25, 1807, the eldest son of John Willoughby, second Earl, K.P., by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Uxbridge; was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the House of Commons in 1831, as member for Fermanagh, which he continued to represent until his succession to the Peerage, at the death of his father, in 1840. He married, first, Jan. 16, 1844, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. James A. Casamajor; and, secondly, Sept. 5, 1865, the Hon. Mary Emma Brodriek, daughter and coheir of the sixth Viscount Midleton. By the former (who died May 13, 1855) he leaves two sons and four daughters; the elder of the former, Lowry-Egerton, Viscount Cole, born in 1845, now fourth Earl of Enniskillen, married, in 1869, Charlotte Marion, daughter and coheir of Mr. Douglas Baird, of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, by whom he has issue. Lord Enniskillen was a resident landlord, esteemed and honoured by all parties. During the last years of his life he suffered from blindness.

## VISCOUNT BARRINGTON.



The Right Hon. George William, seventh Viscount Barrington, in the Peerage of Ireland, and first Baron Shute in that of the United Kingdom, P.C., died on the 7th inst., at Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire. He was born Feb. 14, 1824, the eldest son of William Keppel, sixth Viscount, by Jane Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth; was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the House of Commons as M.P. for Eye in 1866, continuing to represent that borough until 1880, when he obtained a Peerage of Parliament. From 1866 to 1868, he acted as private secretary to the late Earl of Derby; from 1874 to 1880, was Vice-Chamberlain of the Household; and from 1885 to 1886, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. He married, Feb. 19, 1846, Isabel Elizabeth, only child of Mr. John Morrill, of Rokeby Park, Yorkshire, and had three daughters, Constance, married, in 1868, to Lord Haldon; Evelyn Laura, married to the Earl of Craven; and Florence, unmarried. Having thus no male issue, he is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Percy Barrington, born April 22, 1825, who is a widower, with issue.

## THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LENTAIGNE.

The Right Hon. Sir John Francis O'Neill Lentaigue, P.C., C.B., of Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, J.P., D.L., in the county of Monaghan, and its High Sheriff in 1844, died, at his town residence, Great Denmark-street, on the 12th inst. He was born June 21, 1803, the eldest son of Dr. Benjamin Lentaigue (of an old Royalist family), who escaped from France at the period of the great Revolution, in which his elder brother, Jean Francois Lentaigue, was guillotined. The estimable gentleman whose death we record held office as Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland from 1854 to 1877, and on the formation of the General Prison Board for Ireland was nominated an hon. member. He was also a Commissioner of National Education and Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and an ex-President of the Statistical Society as well as of the Royal Zoological Society. For his long and eminent public services, he was made C.B. in 1873, knighted in 1880, and sworn of the Privy Council in the summer of this year. He married, Sept. 13, 1841, Mary, daughter and coheir of Mr. Francis Magan, J.P., of Emoe, in the county of Westmeath, and leaves several children; the eldest son, Mr. Joseph H. Nugent Lentaigue, Barrister-at-Law, is Clerk of the Crown, and Hanaper in Ireland. The sincerest and deepest sorrow for Sir John Lentaigue pervades all classes. Generous and unselfish, warm-hearted and charitable, he devoted his whole thoughts to the promotion of every philanthropic work. To him the success of the beneficent institution, which he fostered with untiring energy and labour—the Industrial and Reformatory Schools System—is mainly owing; and one of the memorials he leaves behind him is Artane Industrial Schools, so much and so deservedly admired by every Englishman interested in the subject of technical education.

## SIR JAMES MARTIN.

Sir James Martin, Chief Justice, five times Attorney-General, and three times First Minister of New South Wales, aged sixty-six. He was son of Mr. John Martin, of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, was called to the Colonial Bar in 1856, made Q.C. the following year, and raised to the Bench in 1873. He married, in 1853, Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. William Long, merchant, of Sydney.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General George Maxwell, late Lieutenant-Colonel 66th Regiment, on the 11th inst.

Mr. Robert Calverley Bewicke-Bewicke, of Coalby Manor, in the county of York, J.P. and D.L., younger brother of Mr. Calverley Bewicke, of Close House, Northumberland.

Mr. Abraham Laverton, J.P. for Wilts, and a director of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, M.P. for Westbury 1874 to 1880, on the 31st ult., aged sixty-seven.

Alderman David Smith, M.P. for Brighton in the Conservative interest, at an advanced age. He served the office of Mayor, 1880-81.

Mr. Edward William Cope, Secretary to the British Legation at Stockholm, eldest son of Sir William Henry Cope, Bart., of Hanwell and Bramshill, on the 4th inst., aged forty-eight.

Mr. George Valliamy, for more than thirty-five years Superintending Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works, on the 12th inst., in his seventieth year.

The Most Rev. William Delany, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, on the 14th inst., at Blackrock, near Cork. He was born, Dec. 25, 1803, at Bandon, and was appointed parish priest of his native town in 1845, being elevated in two years after to the Bishopric, which he held at his death.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

WANSTEAD. Thanks for your pleasant note. Nearly all the successful solvers of No. 2221 praise it in much the same terms as yours.

J. C. B. (Broughty Ferry).—It is not forgotten. You shall see it again soon.

A. W. D. (Lucknow).—We are obliged for your note. The problems shall be looked up and considered.

F. L. (Maryhill).—Your solution of No. 2220 came to hand too late for acknowledgment until last week.

R. S. S. (Manchester).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2119 received from the Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.) and F. E. Gibbins (Tiffin); of No. 2220 from Thomas Clow, A. A. Ogden, John C. Brenner, E. J. Gibbins, Jun., and P. R. Gibbins; of No. 2221 from W. B. C. C., T. MacMahon Cregan, W. A. W., Lieut.-Col. F. Loraine, E. G. Boys, J. A. Schmaucke, A. H. Palmer, W. Vernon Arnold, John C. Brenner, and Aa (Frome).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2222 received from George Joicey, R. L. Southwell, E. Casella (Paris), F. Marshall, R. H. Brooks, Nerina, R. Worters (Canterbury), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Hermit, W. Heatheote, H. Wardell, Shadforth, E. E. H. T. Roberts, Otto Fuldner (Ghent), E. Loudon, Romola (Ghent), W. T. Pierce, J. F. Moore, Wanstead, John C. Brenner, W. Huntley, C. E. P., Rev. Winfield Cooper, H. T. H., W. A. P., Aa (Frome), and W. H. D. Henvey.

NOTE.—We have received many proposed solutions of this fine problem, commencing with 1. Kt to Q 3rd, and 1. R takes B (ch). To both moves Black has good defences, as a little careful examination should prove. The problem has puzzled a large number of our regular solvers—some who have scarcely ever failed before. To these we recommend a further study of it.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2221.

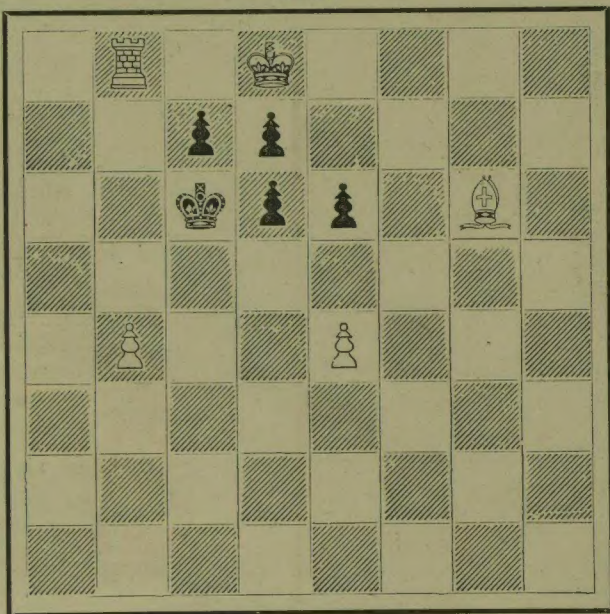
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K takes P.	(Kt takes P, or K to B4th (or A))	1. (A)	K to K 4th
2. Kt takes P (ch)	K moves	2. Q takes P (ch)	K moves
3. Q mates accordingly.		3. Q mates.	

NOTE.—If White play 1. Kt to Q 5th, Black has a good answer in 1. B to Kt 5th.

## PROBLEM No. 2224.

By KARL ERIK (Upsala).

## BLACK.

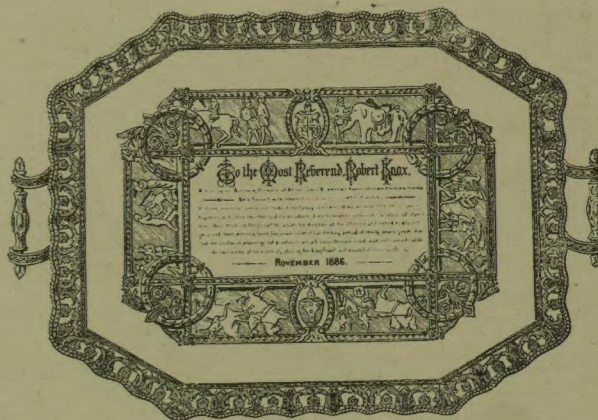


## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

## TESTIMONIAL TO ARCHBISHOP KNOX.

The recently appointed Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, whose Portrait has appeared in this Journal, is the Most Rev. Dr. Robert Knox, D.D., formerly Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. The Protestant clergy and laity of the last-named united diocese, including many of the Presbyterians, and some of their ministers, have acknowledged his faithful services, during thirty-seven years past, by presenting him with a testimonial. A splendid piece of silversmith's work, designed and manufactured expressly for this purpose by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths'



SILVER PRESENTED TO THE MOST REV. R. KNOX, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

Company, 112, Regent-street, London, is shown in our Illustration. Its sculpture represents two incidents of the triumphal entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon, from Thorwaldsen's fine work. The first is that of Alexander, in a four-horse chariot driven by Victory, followed by two mounted officers and two light-armed soldiers, met by Peace, with olive-branch and horn of plenty, behind whom are Persians about to offer sacrifice. The other subjects represented are three Chaldean soothsayers in conference, and a young Macedonian officer, guarding the spoil and prisoners, with three women strewing flowers before the victors, and an altar preparing for sacrifice. The silver also bears an inscription, with the arms of the Irish dioceses, and those of the Knox and Fitzgibbon families. A sum of five hundred guineas was added to this gift.

## SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

An officer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Mr. A. E. Rimmer, now commanding the river steam-boat A-oung-pyah, to whose pencil we owe many Sketches of Burmese scenery and people before published, has again favoured us with those which appear this week. They represent some incidents connected with the experiences of a squadron of the 7th Bengal Cavalry who were, in September, on board the A-oung-pyah, on their way up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay. This regiment, as we have mentioned, was the first of the reinforcements sent from India for the intended military operations in Upper Burma to be commenced in the dry season. The troopers are Sikhs and Pathans, fine-looking men, each of whom is the owner of his horse and provides his accoutrements, being paid twenty-seven rupees monthly for keep and hire. They are, like other Indian cavalry, attended by "syces" or grooms, and by "grass-cutters," whose duty is to look for forage.

## VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON.

The retirement of Sir James Bacon from the Judicial Bench, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, with mental faculties still unimpaired, is an event of much social and professional interest. On Wednesday week he took leave of the Bar attending his Court, in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice, the Lords Justices of Appeal, and Judges of all the Divisions of the High Court of Justice. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, addressed the venerable retiring Vice-Chancellor, expressing the feelings of respect and affectionate personal regard for him which are generally entertained. Sir James Bacon made a suitable reply. This veteran equity practitioner, a most able, shrewd, and useful Judge, is the son of a conveyancer, Mr. James Bacon, of Clerkenwell. He was born Feb. 11, 1798, and married, April 23, 1827, Laura Frances, daughter of William Cook, of Clayhill, who died in 1859. He entered as a student of Gray's Inn on April 4, 1822, and was called to the Bar there on May 16, 1827. He became a member of Lincoln's Inn on Oct. 3, 1833, and was admitted a barrister *ad eundem* on May 8, 1845; was made a Q.C., and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1846. He was made Under-Secretary of Causes to the Master of the Rolls in 1859, a Commissioner in Bankruptcy for London in 1868, Chief Judge in Bankruptcy in 1869, Vice-Chancellor on July 2, 1870, and a Justice of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division) in 1875. The office of Vice-Chancellor will be allowed to expire; while Mr. Justice Kay, one of the Judges of the High Court, takes the business hitherto conducted by Vice-Chancellor Bacon.

## THE NEW YORK STATUE OF LIBERTY.

American political independence was much indebted for its victory, a century ago, to French military aid. This was repaid, a very few years later, by the ideas of the American Republic in the great French Revolution. Now that France is again Republican, her sons devoted to that political faith, prompted in 1876, at a centenary festival, by the late M. Laboulaye, an enthusiastic student of the examples of Franklin and Washington, and the translator of Channing, have presented to America, in token of international friendship, a grand artistic gift. M. Bartholdi, the sculptor, by the labour of ten years, constructed at Paris a bronze statue, 151 ft. high, partly at the cost of a public subscription, partly of the French Government. It has been carried across the Atlantic, and has been erected on a small rocky island at the entrance to New York Harbour, where it rises 305 ft. above the sea. The figure of crowned "Liberty," uplifting a torch of beneficent light, will henceforth greet the eyes of emigrants and travellers from Europe. The President of the United States, Mr. Grover Cleveland, with his Cabinet Ministers and some members of Congress, received this noble gift, and unveiled the statue with due ceremony, on the 28th inst., in the sight of hundreds of thousands of the people. They went in procession through the main streets of the city, after reviewing thirty thousand veteran soldiers of the Federal Army, and were then escorted by a naval procession of 137 steamers across the harbour to "Liberty Island." They were met by the French Minister, with whom was M. De Lesseps. French ships of war joined the American squadron in the harbour, saluted each other, and performed naval evolutions. M. De Lesseps was deputed by his countrymen to deliver an address, to which Senator Evarts replied; the statue was uncovered, with a roar of five hundred guns, ringing of bells, and immense cheering; after which President Cleveland, with dignified simplicity, accepted this gift to his nation. The singing of the Old Hundredth Psalm ended the proceedings. The sculptor, M. Bartholdi, was present on the occasion.

## A LAST GLIMPSE OF OLD ENGLAND.

Many Australians, New Zealanders, and Cape Colonists, besides those officially or commercially associated with the late Colonial and Indian Exhibition, will have chosen this year for a long-desired visit to their friends in the old country which they still call "Home." Those who have departed were probably accompanied to Tilbury or Gravesend, or to Plymouth, by some of their family or friends, who would bid them farewell on board the steam-ship; and who would afterwards linger to watch its receding movement, fondly, sadly, but, we trust, with a sense of the renewal of affectionate ties, in a few happy months or weeks of the sojourn in England, for which both they and their colonial kindred should ever be grateful. The ocean, though its restless waves roll over ten or twelve thousand miles between the hearts endeared to each other by domestic kindness, has no power to sever the union of spirit, nor has Death itself that power; but for those who are too far advanced in age, perhaps too narrowly confined by want of leisure and of means, to think of a long voyage in their remaining years of life, it must be sorrowful to reflect that they have enjoyed, in all likelihood, the last meeting on earth with the persons most dear to them. As for the departing voyagers, who may have before them, in returning to the distant place of their colonial settlement, a cheerful restoration to the society of friends living there, perhaps also to wives and children, and to a career of prosperous activity, their regrets will be tempered with gleams of a brighter future. Yet they will pensively take "the last glimpse of Old England," as they lean over the ship's bulwarks; and the memory of this day will mark an epoch of moral experience in many a manly mind.

## EXTRA SUPPLEMENT—THE DOG DOCTOR.

The pair of Tinted Drawings which a humorous Artist supplies for our Extra Pictorial Supplement belong to that *genre* of burlesque fancies in which domestic animals figure as conceivable practisers of human arts and manners—an idea older than *Æsop's* Fables, and often worked out by ingenious draughtsmen, sculptors, and arrangers of stuffed skins of different species of beasts and birds, as well as in satirical poems and fables. Skye terriers have their bodily ailments, and may suffer, as we do, from indigestion, biliousness, or toothache, in which cases, if brutes of kindred race were supposed capable of giving medical advice, the scenes here represented might come within the range of a bold imagination. The professional Dog Doctor has a wise and sympathetic face, and his air of tender attention is perfectly human, or even humane, while the wearing of spectacles adds to its drollery, in conjunction with the respectable black coat and old-fashioned neckcloth. We cannot but think him entitled to moderate fees, and our sincere good wishes are for the relief of the distressed patient.

Several persons of note who have recently been staying at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Constantinople, have written to the proprietor, M. Logothetti, highly commending his management.

At a special meeting of the Hammersmith Vestry, on Monday, it was resolved, by twenty-nine votes to three, that in the event of the Metropolitan Board of Works being advised to offer a sum of £58,000 for the Ravenscourt Park estate for the public use, the vestry would be willing to bear a moiety.



# BROOKE'S SOAP

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Have a bar in your Bath-room, to keep your Bath-tub bright.

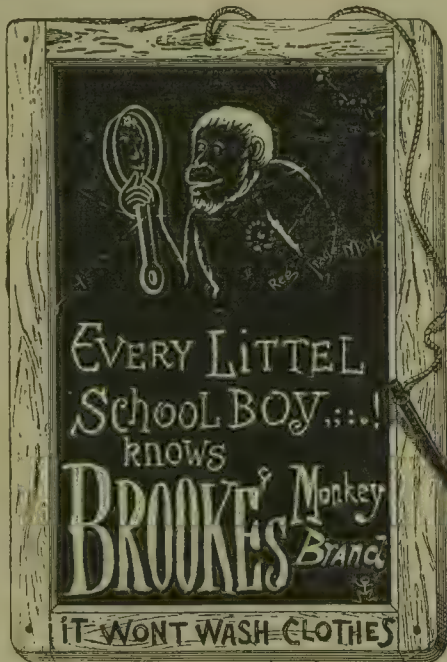
Have it in your Lavatory, to make your Marble white.

Use it in the Parlour, for your Mantels, Paint, and Windows.

Don't do without it in your Kitchen. For your Pots and Pans, and your Knives and Forks, your Crockery.

In your Pantry, for your Shelves; your Plates and Dishes.

Have it in your Shop, for your Brass Plates and Show-cases.



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WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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TWO BARS, ONE SHILLING.

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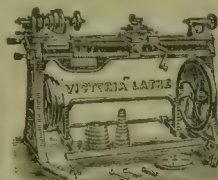
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white and sound teeth, perfect freedom from decay, a healthy action of the gums, and delightfully fragrant breath can best be obtained by discarding gritty tooth powders and acid washes and using daily

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or Pearl Dentifrice, a white powder composed of the most recherche ingredients of the Oriental herbal, and warranted free from any gritty or deleterious ingredients; it whitens and preserves the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, eradicates scurvy, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath, while its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercise a highly beneficial influence on the teeth and gums. All Dentists allow that neither washes or pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and preventing decay as a pure and non-gritty tooth powder: such ROWLANDS' ODONTO has always proved itself. The box has on it a 3d. Government stamp, to guarantee its being the genuine article and free from any injurious compounds. No other Odonto is genuine.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is now sold in a golden colour for fair and golden-haired people and children.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR beautifies the complexion, eradicates all cutaneous defects, and renders the skin soft, smooth and delicate. Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid spurious and pernicious imitations.

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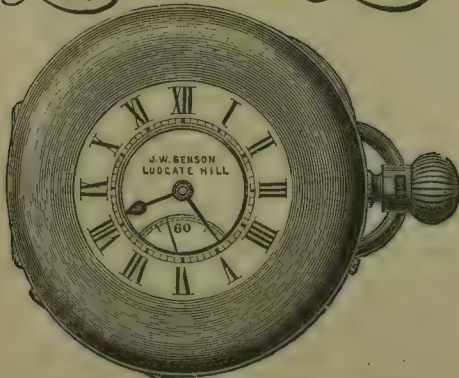
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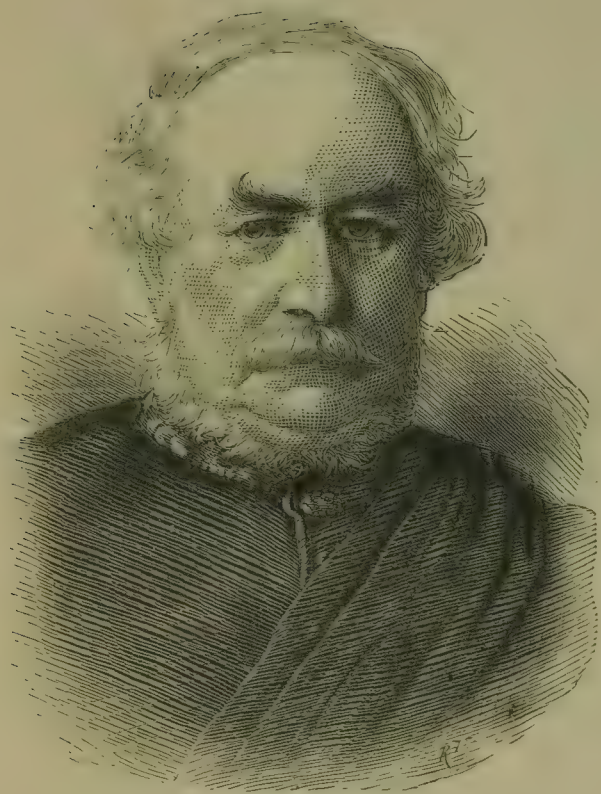


ENGLISH LEVER. THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT.

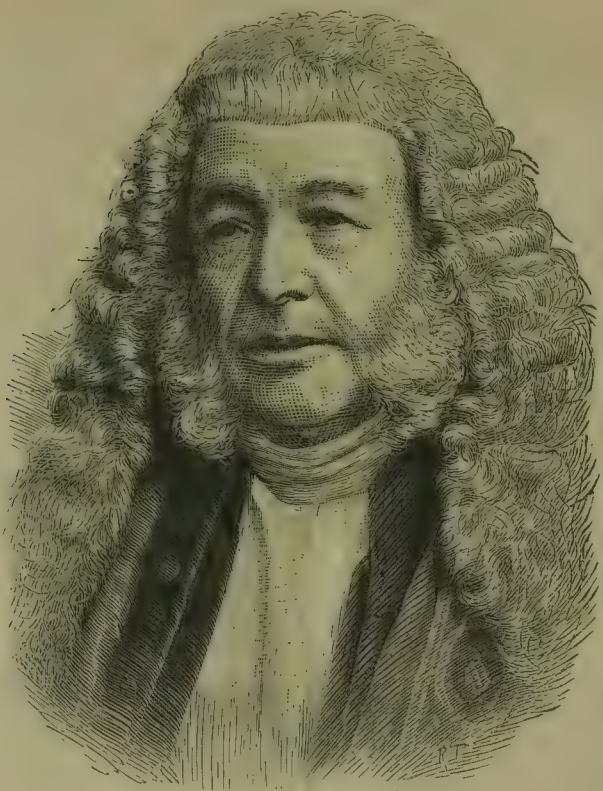
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THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL BOILEAU, F.R.S.



VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JAMES BACON.



MR. J. MEESON, FIRST MAYOR OF WEST HAM.

## THE MAYOR OF WEST HAM.

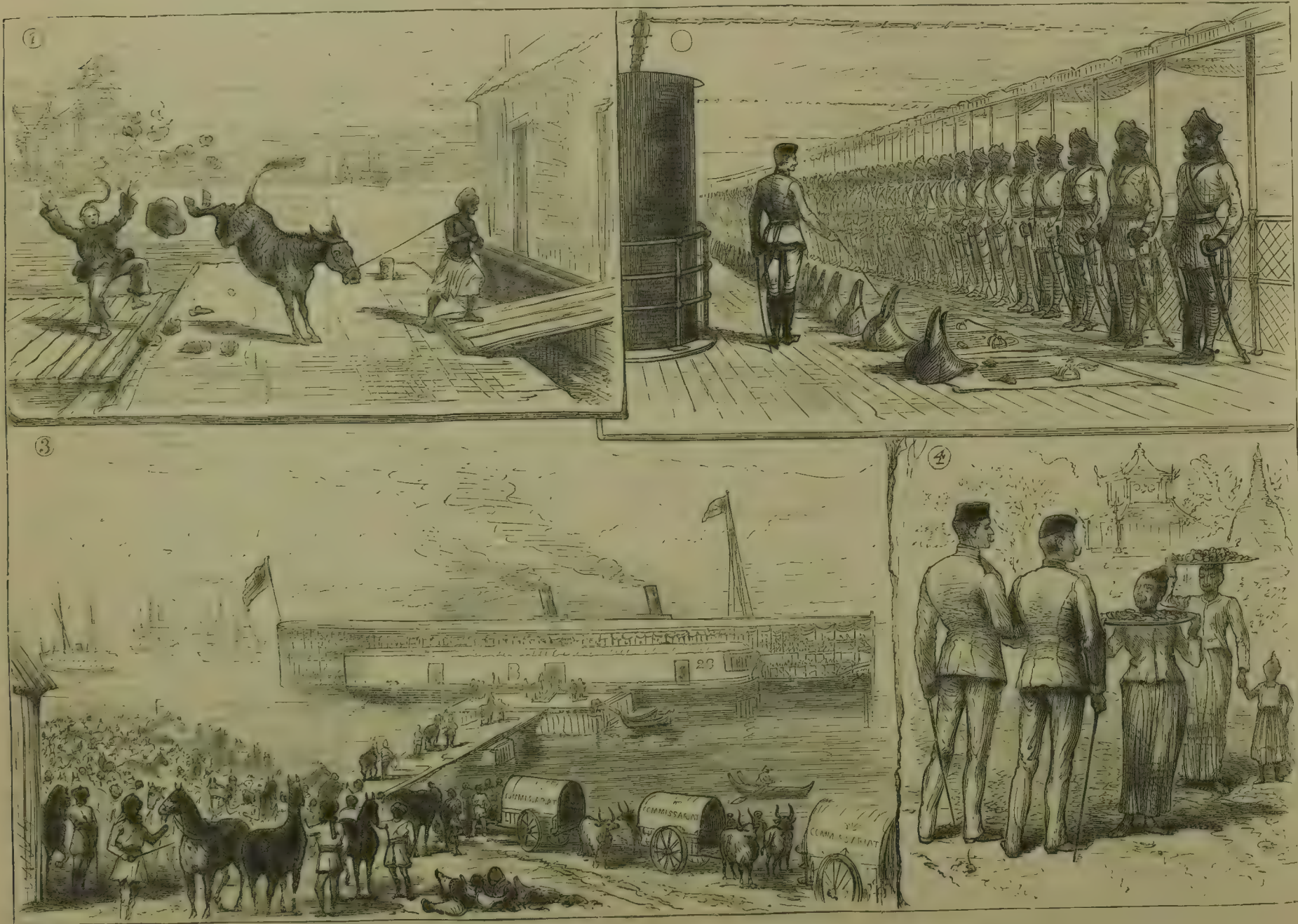
The newly created Municipal Borough of West Ham, adjacent to East London, in the county of Essex, beyond the river Lea and Bow Creek, has chosen its first Mayor. On Tuesday week, the first meeting of the Council of the Borough, elected in pursuance of the charter recently granted, was held at the Townhall, Stratford. Mr. John Meeson, of Stratford, the chairman of the Lea Conservancy Board, and chairman of the West Ham Board of Guardians, was unanimously elected Mayor. The following gentlemen were elected Aldermen:—Messrs. George Rivett, John Meeson, George Hay, Robert L.

Curtis, Henry Worland, George Jones, James Scully, Henry Barry, William Deason, George E. Bancs, Henry Phillips, and Charles Stoner. Mr. F. E. Hilleary, LL.D., senior partner of the firm of Hilleary and Layard, solicitors, was unanimously elected Town Clerk. Mr. J. Swain, the manager of the Stratford branch of the London and County Banking Company (Limited), was chosen Treasurer. We give the Portrait of the first Mayor of West Ham.

## THE LATE GENERAL BOILEAU.

The death of Major-General John Theophilus Boileau, F.R.S., occurred on Sunday, the 7th inst., at his residence in Ladbroke-square, Notting-hill. He was born in 1805; entered the Indian Army in 1820 as a Lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers, obtained a Captaincy in 1846, was Superintending Engineer in the Department of Works for the North-West Provinces, and

retired with the rank of Major-General. General Boileau came of a noble Huguenot family, descended from Etienne Boileau, Baron de Castlenau and St. Croix, of Langue-doc, whom Louis IX., on his departure for the Holy Land, appointed Governor of Paris, and Grand Provost of France. His descendant, Charles Boileau, the Baron, came to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. General Boileau was a man of high scientific attainments, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was one of the most active and zealous supporters of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, and of other charitable institutions. The Portrait is copied from one by Mr. Sydney Hodges, presented to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home.

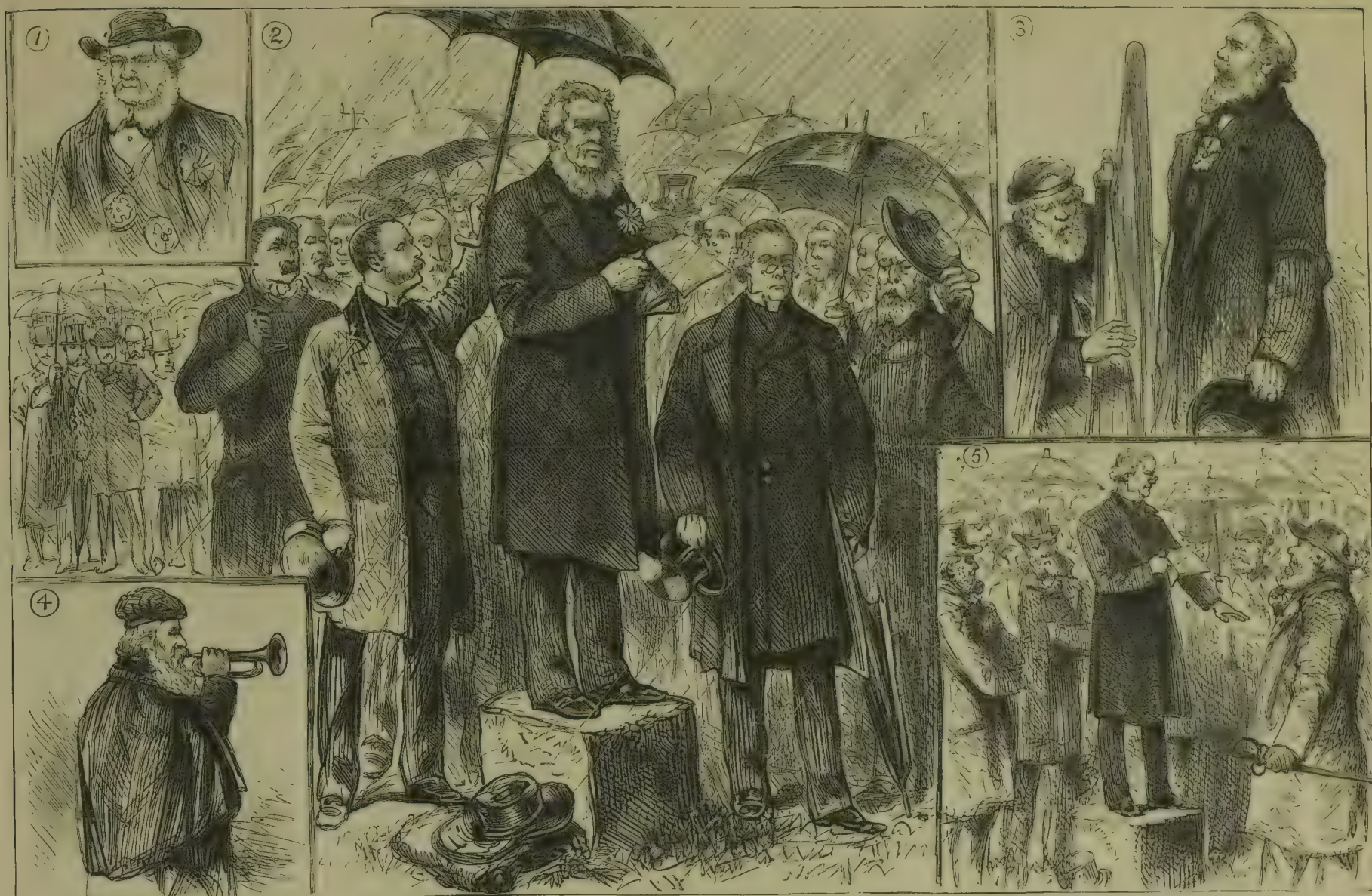


1. Grass-Cutter's Donkey samples John Chinaman's Plantains.  
2. Morning Parade on board the Aloung-Pyah.

3. 7th Bengal Cavalry Embarking on board the Aloung-Pyah.  
4. Fruit-Seller, "Oh! Kimbya!"—7th Bengal Cavalry, "Awfully fetching."

SKETCHES IN BURMAH: BY AN IRRAWADDY FLOTILLA OFFICER.





1. The Arch Druid. 2. Proclaiming the London Eisteddfod. 3. Pennillion singing. 4. Sounding the bugle. 5. Defending the Institution of the Eisteddfod.

PROCLAIMING THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS, LONDON.



INAUGURATION OF BARTHOLOMI'S HUGE STATUE OF LIBERTY AT NEW YORK.







# Pears' Soap



*I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion*  
*Adelina Patti*

Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.  
*Ellie Langtry*

For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.  
*M. Fortescue*

## Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

*A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,*  
**Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,**  
Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

*Testimonial from*  
**Madame Adelina Patti.**  
"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."  
*Adelina Patti*

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## CHAPTER XXXV.—

## HOW PHILADELPHY KEPT THE SECRET.

When one reflects upon this time and upon the conduct of Jack Easterbrook, it seems as if at each successive step the unfortunate man advanced one step nearer to his own destruction. Surely, knowing the grief, the resentment, and the indignation which filled the heart of the woman he had cast aside, with no more consideration than if she had been a hedge-row weed, he might well have reflected before sending her intelligence which was certain to drive her into despair. But, such as he do never reflect.

Therefore, on the very day when he was affianced to Castilla, he took the surest steps to make Bess acquainted with this certain proof of his desertion. For he led aside the old negro nurse, Philadelphia, and told her that he had a most important thing to communicate, and one which very much concerned her own happiness, and a thing which everybody would be anxious to know; but that it was a profound secret, and must be told to no one, and especially was not to be communicated to any person outside Madam's household.

"I know," he said, "that you desire nothing in the world so much as the happiness of your young mistress."

That she assured him, truthfully, was the case.

"So that I am certain you will rejoice when I tell you the secret. Now, Philadelphia, what should you say if Miss Castilla had a lover?"

"Pends on de young gen'leman, Sah."

"So it does. You are always wise, Philadelphia. What should you say, then, if she was going to be married?"

"Pends on de young gen'leman, Sah."

"You are indeed a wonderful woman, Philadelphia. What should you think, then, if I were going to be that happiest of mortals, Miss Castilla's husband?"

The old woman looked at him admiringly. Then she began to laugh. Negroes are easily tickled with laughter; they laugh if anyone is hurt; they laugh if misfortunes fall upon their friends; and when they are pleased they laugh; Philadelphia, therefore, laughed for satisfaction and joy, not, as Sarai of old laughed, in derision.

"Is dat de troof, Massa Jack?"

"It is the truth, Philadelphia."

"Ho! ho!" she laughed again. "Berry fine lover for Miss Castil. Berry fine young man for my young mistress."

"It is a secret, Philadelphia," he told her again. "No one knows it except Madam, and the Admiral, and Castilla, and me. You have been told first of all. That is a great honour for you. But it is a secret as yet. I am to go on board in a few days, and the Lord knows when I shall return. So while I am away do you take care of her, and put in, every now and again, a word for me—you understand?"

She understood very well, and without the aid of the two guineas which he slipped into her hand, that she was to sing the praises of a certain young gentleman. She folded the money in the corner of her handkerchief, and nodded and laughed again. As a secret messenger, or go-between, I think Philadelphia would have had no equal. Her taste, as well as her genius, lay in this art; but, unfortunately, it was not called into practice, because Castilla had but two lovers, one of whom she lost in the manner you are going to hear, and the other she married without any necessity for a go-between at all.

"You understand," Jack repeated, "that it is a secret. You are not, therefore, on any account to tie up your head in your red turban, and to carry the news into the town. You must not think of telling the old fellows at the Trinity Hospital. You must not go to Mr. Skipworth, the Barber, with it; and if you tell Mr. Westmoreland, the Penman, or his daughter Bess, you will make me angry. I quite depend upon your secrecy, Philadelphia."

The old woman nodded and laughed, and laughed again, promising that nothing should drag the secret from her. But when the Captain left her, she hastened to tie her red handkerchief round her head, which was her way of preparing to sally forth from the house; and then she began to mutter with her lips. Next she sat down, and laughed again. While she was laughing, two of her fellow black servants came upon her; and, being of a quick and sympathetic mind, they sat down and laughed with her, all three rolling about, digging their hands into their sides, and laughing in each others' faces, while the tears ran down their cheeks. When they were quite tired of this exercise, they left off, and the two old men went away about their own business without so much as asking why she had set them off into this mirthful fit; and the old woman, setting her turban right, walked off slowly in the direction of the town.

She did, in fact, and as Jack fully expected she would do, everything that she had been carefully told not to do. First, she looked into the gateway of Trinity Hospital. On the sunny side there walked half-a-dozen of the old men warming themselves. She exchanged a few words with them, admonishing them to keep the secret, and then went on her way. Now, there are no more ingrained gossips than these old almsmen, who have nothing to do all day long except to tell each other stories, for the most part old and well worn, and to retail news. Therefore, as soon as Philadelphia had gone, these veterans, one after the other, left the hospital and made their way, some to the Stairs, and some to the Taverns in the town and some to the Dockyard, spreading the news, for there was no officer in the King's Navy better known than Captain Easterbrook, whom all regarded as a Deptford man, and greatly respected for his courage and his gallant bearing. Moreover, he had among them all the reputation of being a lucky officer. He had gone through so much danger, and hitherto had so miraculously escaped from every kind of peril, that he must needs be a lucky officer to sail with. And now he was going to take command on board as fine a frigate, the French-built Calypso, as there was afloat, and not a sailor but would have liked well to sail with him.

When she left the hospital, Philadelphia looked into the kitchen of St. Paul's Vicarage just to whisper the news to the maids. Thence she went on her way to the Barber's, and, calling Mr. Skipworth to the door, she imparted the news to him, with many injunctions to profound secrecy, which he faithfully and joyfully promised, and kept his promise in the way common among barbers—namely, that he passed on the news in strict confidence and a whisper to every customer in turn who came to be shaved.

Philadelphia next crossed the street and looked in at the Penman's. Mr. Westmoreland was in the shop writing a letter for one girl to her sweetheart, somewhere at sea, while another waited her turn. In the corner of the room, beside the fire, sat Bess, her hands folded in her lap, doing nothing, and paying no heed to what went on. The girls disputed what should be said; the scribe listened, and from time to

time put down a sentence, catching at their meaning, rather than taking down their words.

"Say I keep true and constant," said one, "though all the men in Deptford are asking me to give him up. Tell him that. Tell him I expect as much from him when he comes home—else, he shall see. And if he dares so much as to look at . . ."

"I wouldn't tell him that," said the other girl. "Tell him that nobody in the town cares a button for him or even thinks about him but yourself. He'll think all the more of you for that. Don't never let him think you care a rope's-end whether he goes after the other women or not."

Mr. Westmoreland went on writing while they talked. He civilised, so to speak, their letters for the ladies, taking out the threats, the ejaculations, the accusations, the protestations, and the profane words, whereby he certainly did much to strengthen and to sanctify the bond of affection between the sailor and his mistress, since a lover could not but be moved at receiving a letter so movingly and so religiously expressed. It must surely be a great thing for a man to think of his sweetheart as a quiet, sweet-tempered, and well-conducted woman (as always appeared from these letters) capable of expressing the finest sentiments in the choicest language, and full of gentle piety. Pity it was that when the men came home their mistresses should always fail to talk and to behave up to the standard of their letters.

Without troubling herself about the girls, Philadelphia took a chair beside Bess, and began to whisper. Now, so carefully had Bess kept her secret that no one in the place knew a word about it except Aaron Fletcher, and, for reasons of his own, he spoke of it to none. Least of all, did this old negro woman suspect it. She whispered what she had to say, and then, with a hundred nods and winks, used as signs of mystery and secrecy, she got up and went away.

Bess sat still awhile. The two girls finished their business with her father, and went away. Mr. Westmoreland looked timidly at his daughter.

"Bess, my dear," he said.

She shook her head impatiently.

"Is there any chance that you will come round soon, my dear? I wouldn't hurry any woman's temper on my account, though I may say that it is a month and more since I have had any dinner."

"If I had a knife in my hand this moment," she cried, springing to her feet and tossing her arms in the air: "if I had a knife, I would drive it into my heart—or into his!"

Her father made haste with trembling knees to return to his writing.

That there are times when the Evil One is permitted to have power over us we are well assured, not only from Holy Writ, but from the teaching of learned doctors. I say not that we are to be excused from the consequence of sins committed during such times, because it is on account of our sins that they are permitted. This poor girl, I am very certain, was possessed by the demons of jealousy, rage, and despair. Else the great wickedness into which she now fell would never have been possible to her. Heaven forbid that I should attempt to excuse her! But this day she was mad. On this day, as you will presently confess, she must have been mad.

She continued to sit in the same place, hands clenched, with set eyes gazing straight before her, and cheeks white. From time to time her father looked furtively round. But seeing no change, he went on with his work. Presently he became afraid to sit alone with her. He thought she was mad; he feared that she might get up suddenly and stab herself to death, or, perhaps, stab him in the back. He was never a brave or a strong man, and besides, he had already suffered so much from feminine wrath that he considered a raging woman worse than a tigress, and would cheerfully have fought a lion in the arena rather than face his own wife in one of her angry moods. But he had never before seen Bess so bad as this. It wanted a good hour of his usual time of leaving off work but he got down from his stool, changed his coat hurriedly, and went out to his tavern.

If he went there an hour before his usual time, it was fully an hour after his usual time that he returned. Bess was still in her chair, but she no longer sat upright, scowling and fierce. Her head was buried in her hands, and she was weeping.

Mr. Westmoreland was afraid to speak to her. He crept silently up-stairs, and went to bed supperless.

For in truth, something very strange had happened between the time when the Penman laid down his work and the time when he came home. The jaws of Death and the gates of Hell had been opened.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## HOW BESS WENT OUT OF HER WITS.

Immediately after her father had left the house—perhaps he waited until the Penman's departure—a man came to the door and stood without. For a few moments he watched and listened. Then he pushed the door open and looked in. The room was dark, and he could see nothing.

"Bess," he cried—it was Aaron Fletcher—"Bess, I know you are here, and it is no use hiding. Come out this instant and talk with me, or I will come in."

There was no answer, and he stepped into the room.

"You can go out again, Aaron," said Bess. "I have nothing to say to you."

"I will go out when I have said what I came to say, and not before," he replied. "If you will listen, Bess, I have a good deal to say."

"Say, then, what you have to say, and begone." He hardly knew her voice, which was hard. "Of course, I know very well what you have come to say. When you have said it once, you can go. If you dare to say it twice, I think I shall have to kill you. But, before you take the trouble to say it, or anything else, I tell you that it is no use. There is no man in the world for me now. Don't think of trying."

"Bess"—the man understood what she meant—"d'ye think that I would come to crow over your trouble? Why—but you don't understand: you never did understand. A man as loves you true can't choose but be sorry for your trouble. I love you that true that I should even like to see you married to him, if he would have you. But he won't; he won't. Don't go to think now, Bess, that I'm glad; though I always knew what would happen, and I hoped that you would perhaps throw him over and take a better man, and then we might have seen him crying and lamenting, instead of you. Pluck up spirit, Bess. Curse him. . . . With his head in the air and his step as if he was on his quarter-deck, and us men were all his crew, and you women were all for his own pleasure! Curse him, I say, for a villain! He went through the town just now dressed as if he was a nobleman, at least, with the people crying after him for luck, and the fools of women calling blessings on his head for a handsome man, if ever there was one. Curse him! Bess, why don't you curse the man who has played you false? Hast never a tongue in thy head?"

It was too dark to discern her face, otherwise Aaron might have been well pleased with the jealous madness which filled her eyes.

Then he cursed the Captain again, and with stronger words; but she answered nothing.

"I knew what he would do. I always knew it. I hate him, Bess! I have always hated him as much as you hate him now; or almost as much, because you must hate him after all he has done so that there is no evil you would not rejoice to see falling upon him."

He paused for some effect to be produced by his words, just as an angler throws his line and stops to watch his float. But Bess made no sign.

"Who is he?" Aaron went on. "Who is he that he should have all the good luck and I should have the bad? Why, when he came to the town he was in rags. I saw him come. He was a boy in rags. And now he is a Captain, with a gold-laced hat, and I— Well, Bess, I am a bankrupt. That is what I have come to. And it is through him! Yes, through him and through that one-eyed Devil, who is Old Nick himself, or sold to him, I am a bankrupt—I am broke! First, through him, I lost my boat, the Willing Mind, took by a privateer; and then, through him, I lost the prize-money I looked to make; and then, through him, my building-yard was burned. And now I have spent all my money, Bess, and am broke. And all through him! I will be even with him, some day, if I swing for it."

"Say what you have to say, Aaron, and go away."

"I came to say, then, Bess"—he lowered his voice—"will you have revenge?"

"What revenge?"

"I tried to take it for myself three years ago. Did he never tell you who got him knocked off the head and carried off to the crimps? 'Twas the sweetest moment of my life, when he lay, senseless at my feet. I done it, Bess. 'Twas none but me. He got off that time. He won't this."

"Revenge? Do you think I will let you take revenge for me?"

"Bess—think! He hath deserted you, and broken his promise. And me he has brought to beggary, with the help of his friend the Devil with one eye."

"I will have no revenge taken for me, I say. Go, Aaron. If that is all you have to say, go, and leave me alone. Revenge will not bring back his heart to me. He loathes me now as much as once he loved me. I saw it in his eyes. Will revenge change his eyes? There is nothing for me but to bear it till I die."

Aaron sat down on the table. The tempter to evil was not to be sent away by a single word.

"What!" he asked. "A woman of spirit, and do nothing, though her sweetheart proves false to her, and mocks and laughs at her! Have they told you how he laughs everywhere about you?" (This was a lie: Jack never spoke about her among his friends.) "Why, the gentlemen all do it; they make bets with each other about such girls as you; and then they go away and tell each other, and laugh about her. Oh! you forgive him. 'Tis sweet Christian conduct. I suppose I should forgive him as well for the loss of the Willing Mind, and the burning of my boat-yard?" He stopped to see if his words had produced any effect upon her; but she gave no sign.

"You will dance at his wedding, I daresay. He is going to marry the daughter of the Admiral—him with the wooden leg."

"He is not married yet."

"He is going to be married," said Aaron—but this was also a lie—"by special license, and without banns, to-morrow; for his ship is under orders, and the Captain will set sail in a few days. He wants to be married before he goes. 'Tis a pretty little lady, and he will make her happy. They say he is head and ears in love with her, and nothing too good for her. I daresay he was always a fond lover. You found him a fond lover, didn't you, Bess, in the old days?"

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Oh! the old woman did not tell me this. Are you quite sure? To-morrow? He will marry her to-morrow? So soon. Oh! is there no hope left at all?"

"The negro woman went about the town to-day telling everybody. You can ask her if it is true. What do I know? The Captain was not likely to tell me, was he? Well, Bess, it must be a pleasant thing for you to be thinking that his arms are now round her neck, which used to be round yours. He is kissing her red and white cheek now, just as he used to kiss yours, in the old days when he used to make a fool of you. And to-morrow, he will be happy with his bride. That is something to make you feel forgiving and well-wishing, isn't it?"

"Oh! I shall go mad!" she cried. "I cannot bear it; I shall go mad!"

"To be sure, there are differences. She is a gentlewoman, and you are only a tradesman's daughter. She is soft, and has pretty manners, I daresay, though her father is an old salt. Whatever you are, Bess, no one ever called you soft. She is fair, and you are dark. She loves him, I daresay, better than you ever could. She can wear a hoop, and carry a fan, and paint her face, and, as for you, Bess—Why, what is the matter?"

"I will kill him first!" she cried, wildly. "Aaron, I will kill him with my own hand!"

"Nay, Bess, why with your own hand, when there is mine ready for your service? And as for that, you are in such a rage that you would surely bungle it; ten chances to one you would botch and bungle it. Now, I am calm. If I take it in hand, I shall make as pretty a job of it as anyone can desire. Besides, Bess, if anyone is to swing for putting such a villain out of the way, it shall be me, not you, my girl. For love of you, and hate of him, I should be content to swing. But maybe. . . . Why, Bess?"

"Aaron," she laid her hand upon his shoulder, catching her breath short, "Oh! I would rather see him dead and in his grave than let him marry her."

"He must be dead to-night then, or he will marry her to-morrow. Harkye, Bess: the time has gone for crying. We must do it at once—this very night. To-morrow he will be married. The next day, or the day after, he takes the command of his ship. This very evening he hath gone to the club with the Admiral. He will but drink a single glass of punch with the gentlemen, who will wish him joy, and will then return to his new mistress with whom he thinks to spend the evening, kissing and making love. Do you mark my words?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . I am listening."

"In half an hour or so he will be returning by this road. Suppose, Bess, he should meet us on the way—the woman he has deserted, and the man he has ruined?"

"Let us go," she cried. "Let us go at once. He shall never marry her. Let us go! Why, Aaron, are you for hanging back?"

"There is time enough—no hurry. See, my girl, I have brought with me—'tis all I have left of my privateering—a pair of ship's pistols." He lugged them out of his pockets and laid one on each leg, still sitting on the table. "They are loaded; I loaded them half an hour ago, a brace of bullets in each, and the flints are new. No hurry, Bess. Let us consider." She was already more than half mad, but he thought to madden her still more. "Let us consider. All the world knows thy history, Bess." This, too, was a lie, because no one knew it. "When you go forth again the women will



point and say after you, 'There goes the girl who thought to marry the handsome Captain! There goes Bess, who thought to be the wife of Captain Easterbrook! Pride goes before a fall. Now she will have to marry some honest tarpaulin, like the rest, if any be found to have her.' 'Tis a hard fate, Bess. Whereas—

"Aaron, let us go. Quick! quick! Give me the pistols." "Nay—nay. You to have the pistols?" he replied, in no hurry, and still trying to madden her. "Whereas, if we take care that he shall marry no one, they cannot cry out after you, and he shall not have another wife."

"I would rather he were dead," she said. "Aaron, let me kill him with my own hand!"

"Will you come with me?"—he put up his pistols—"or will you stay with me? 'Tis but five minutes' walk to the dark place in the road where we stopped him once before. But come with me. If you stay here, you will know nothing till I come back, when the job is done. If you come with me, you shall see it done. Why, your revenge will be doubled if you stand by and see it done. And when he falls, Bess, cry out quick that it was thy doing. So, in his last moments, he shall feel that thou hast avenged thyself."

"Come—quick—before I repent! Let us kill him quickly! Oh! Aaron, I am all on fire! I burn. Come!"

Aaron nodded his head, and leisurely rose, satisfied at length with the spirit of murder which he had called up. It made her pant and gasp and tear at his arm to drag him along.

"One word, first," he said. "I am not going to do this all for nothing. When the job is done, Bess, you will marry me?"

"Yes. You may marry me, or you may murder me. I care nothing which. Oh! he shall never marry her—never! Come, Aaron, come! We shall be too late!"

I say that she was mad. It could not be in any other mood but madness that Bess would become a murderess. Truly, Aaron was a crafty and cunning man, thus to turn her thoughts to revenge, and to make a murder done for private wrongs—but did Jack set fire to his boat-yard, or take the Willing Mind?—seem as if it was a righteous act of retribution for her sake. Why could he not murder his enemy without dragging Bess into the crime with him? I know not: but I suppose that he thought to bind her to him by the guilty secret which the two would have between them; as if the knowledge would not keep them apart: for, with such a secret, the whole breadth of the world should not be wide enough to keep the two asunder. But it is impossible so much as to guess at the secrets of Aaron's mind at such a moment. One thing is certain, that, like Bess, he was driven well-nigh desperate by his misfortunes, which, however, he was not justified in laying on the Captain. Perhaps he had no thought at the time, except of revenge, and no other desire than to gratify Bess—whom still, I believe, he loved, at his manner—and himself in the same manner, and at a single blow.

"Come," he said.

Then he directed her to go on in advance, so that if anyone should pass her on the road they might not connect him with her as a companion, and ordered her to wait for him in that place where the grass strip broadened into a little roadside green planted full of trees. Here she was to await him.

'Twas the same place where, three years before, Aaron had made his first attempt, the failure of which might have deterred him, one would think. But it did not. Here he presently joined the girl.

"No one is abroad," he said. "I have passed none upon the road. That is well. Heart up, Bess! In a few minutes thou shalt be happy, if revenge can make thee happy. He will kiss his fine mistress no more."

"Happy! There is no more happiness for me. Oh! Aaron—quick—do what thou hast to do quick, lest I repent and stop thee. Oh! Jack—my Jack—must I murder thee?"

"Keep dark," said Aaron. "Why, you are losing heart already. I am sorry you came with me. Keep dark, I say, and look not forth until the shot is fired. As for me, I scorn to hide. I am here to kill him if I can, or let him, if he can, kill me. He has a sword, and I have my pistols. Let him fight it out. It is a fair battle between us. But keep back, Bess, and keep dark. I think I can hear his footstep."

When, three years before, Jack Easterbrook had walked along the same road at the same time, his head was full of love for the very woman who now stood in the shade of the trees waiting to see him done to death. From the madness of jealous women, good Lord, deliver the men! And from the inconstancy of perjured lovers, good Lord, deliver the women!

As she stood and listened, the sound of his footstep—she could not be mistaken in the step—fell upon Bess's ear, and immediately the Captain himself was to be plainly seen in the twilight walking briskly along the road. As for Aaron, in spite of his brave words, he kept in the shade of the trees, feeling, doubtless, as is the way with murderers, more confidence while in hiding than in the open.

Before she heard his footstep, the poor girl, the prey of all the evil passions, stood breathing quickly, her hands clenched, burning with rage, and mad for revenge. Yet, mark what happened. At the very first footfall, at the first sound of the step which still she loved, the whole of her madness fell from her as a woman's cloak may fall from her shoulders; her heart stood still, her knees trembled, and her love went out again to him. Also she saw—now, was not this a thought sent to her direct from Heaven's throne of Mercy in order to save a poor sinner from a dreadful crime?—she saw, I say, in imagination, her lover lying dead upon the ground, his pale face turned up to the stars, never to come back to life again, and she herself standing over him—who had murdered him. Already she felt upon her forehead the seal of murder as it was placed upon the front of Cain. Already she felt the terrible remorse of murder. Near every crime can be atoned for, except murder. You may rob a man; you may slander him; things stolen may be replaced; things said may be withdrawn: but his life you cannot restore to a man. Therefore, there is no crime so dreadful as murder, and no remorse so fearful as that of a murderer, even when his conscience is as hardened as that of Aaron Fletcher himself. "Oh!" Bess told me afterwards, though the poor girl knew not how to put all these her thoughts into words, but could only speak of them brokenly, "I thought that if he were to die, I must die too, and that with no hope of forgiveness, so that I should never sit beside him in Heaven, and never ask his mercy. And I saw that if he would leave me, he must: and, oh! how could I be so wicked? How could I? No; it was not Aaron's fault; 'twas my own mad, jealous heart."

There wanted but a moment when Aaron would have stepped out and discharged his pistols. There was no relenting in him; he had no qualms of conscience and no forebodings of remorse. He had lost everything—his sweetheart, his boat, his business, his fortune—by this man, he thought; 'twas little revenge indeed in return for so much injury, to kill him. Perhaps, afterwards, with the gibbet in sight and the iron on his legs he might have felt remorse. But one doubts, seeing how hardened are most of the villains who go forth to Tyburn to the fatal tree, and how little true repentance the Ordinary doth witness.

He was waiting, then, the pistol cocked. His enemy was

almost within his reach when Bess rushed out from her hiding-place, crying, "Jack! Jack! Save yourself! Save yourself!"

He stopped, and drew his sword. "Fly!" she cried; "Aaron is among the trees with his pistols. We came to murder thee. Oh! fly for thy life. Let him kill me instead. He shall shoot at thee through my body!"

She stood before him, her arms out as if to stop the pistol bullet.

"Stand aside, Bess," said Jack. "Now, Aaron, ye cowardly, skulking dog, come out! Show yourself, man! Bring out your pistols, I say! Come, ye sneaking, murdering, villain!"

Aaron might have shot him on the spot where he stood, breast bared, so to speak, for the pistol. But he did not, because so great is the power of authority over such men as Aaron, when one speaks who is in the habit of command, that he obeyed and came forth meekly, his pistols in his hand, like a dog who comes at call to be whipped.

"Lay down your weapons," said Jack, sword in hand.

Aaron obeyed, saying nothing.

"So," said the Captain, "this is now the second time that thou hast attempted my life. Man, if I had thee on board my ship I would keel-haul thee, or maybe hang thee for mutiny. Know, sirrah, that the mere conspiring to murder hath brought many a poor rogue to the gallows. Now, I know not wherefore thou didst resolve to make this second attempt. Remember, however, that the first score is not yet paid off. Yet I heard some talk of losses and the burning of boat-yards, whereby it seems as if some greater Power had interfered to punish thee. Go, now. Perhaps to-morrow I shall determine what further may be done."

Aaron obeyed, walking away slowly and sullenly, the pistols lying on the ground.

Then Jack turned to the girl who had saved his life. "So, Bess," he said, "you came out to murder me, did you?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"I was in hopes that you had laid my words to heart, and had forgotten the past."

"I can never forget the past. Oh, Jack! 'tis too much to ask of any poor woman. 'Tis too much!" She burst into weeping. "Oh! I am an unhappy wretch, who would even murder the man I love better than all the world."

"Nay," said Jack, "there is no harm done because—d'ye see—I am unhurt, and you changed your intention in time. If I did not know thee better, Bess, I might think that this was a trick of thine. But Aaron hates me of old; and you—since I came home."

"I have never hated you, Jack. God knows I wish I was dead, and out of your way."

"My poor girl, you are already out of my way, if you would only think so. For the sake of a few love-passages three years ago, why waste and spoil your life?"

"I cannot take back what I have given. To-night they told me that you are to marry Miss Castilla. That made me mad. But I am not mad any longer. Go to your new mistress, Jack. I will give you no more trouble—no more trouble. Make love to her as you did to me. Tear her heart out of her as you tore mine. I will give you no trouble—no trouble at all. I will not try to stand between her and you."

"Foolish girl! Forget me, Bess, and find another lover."

"I have tried to curse thee, Jack, but I cannot. Oh! I cannot. I have tried a dozen times. My lips will not form the words, nor would my heart mean them if I could say those words. I have tried this night to kill thee. But I could not. Therefore, it is certain that I am not to do thee any harm. This is better, because, whatever happens, thy heart will not be thereby the more hardened against me."

Jack made no reply. Perhaps he was touched by what she said.

"Go, Jack. Go to thy mistress." This she said, not rudely or scornfully, but quietly. "Jack, I know now what has been lying in my mind. It is that I have a message for thee. It is that God Himself will punish thee, and that in the way that will touch thee the deepest. I know not how that will be, and, for myself, I desire no harm for thee. I will henceforth neither speak nor think hard things of thee. But remember: no other man shall ever kiss me, because I am thine, Jack—I belong to thee. Oh! Jack, my sweetheart, my love, God Himself will punish thee, unhappy boy! and that in the way that most will touch thee!"

Jack laughed lightly—yes, he laughed—and went his way.

This is what happened between the time when the Penman left his daughter and the time when he returned. Said I not that the Jaws of Death and the Gates of Hell were opened on this night?

(To be continued.)

Twenty years ago Streatham was one of the prettiest of London suburbs; but it has lately seen many changes, which have not improved it; and the doings of the cheap builder, though far less offensively visible than in some neighbourhoods round London—that of Hampstead, for example—have yet left their mark. *The History of Streatham*: by Frederick Arnold, jun. (Elliot Stock), is said to be the first history of the village that has ever been published, and the author takes credit to himself for having given much labour to the work. There is every sign that he has done so; and it must be added that his research is not in all cases strictly confined to his subject. Still, this history is a very praiseworthy attempt to break new ground, and the value of books of this class, when faithfully compiled, will be generally acknowledged. Some slight errors and omissions have occurred to us in reading the volume. Surely Mr. Arnold is wrong in saying that in the latter days of the last century the "adventurous traveller" from Streatham to London had need to be fully armed. There is no indication of the kind in "The Life of Johnson," and we never heard that Mr. Thrale carried arms when driving to his brewery. And does this statement agree with another statement which we find on page 99, that at the beginning of the last century Streatham high-road and common were fashionable promenades? Among the Rectors of Streatham Mr. Arnold mentions the name of Herbert Hill, who was instituted in 1810, but he does not seem to be aware that Mr. Hill was Robert Southey's good uncle, to whose generous love the poet was infinitely indebted. Southey made the Rectory his place of residence when he went to London, and there, in 1811, he seems to have stayed for a month. He relates, in a letter written two years later, how Mrs. Piozzi wrote, that lively lady being then seventy-five, hoping to meet him there, and bidding him beware of a woman "with bright blue eyes, although her hair be grey." And here we may remind Mr. Arnold that the Rev. Stenton Eardley was Vicar, not Rector, of Immanuel Church; and that Sir Arthur Helps' well-known essays are not entitled "Friends in Counsel." We notice, too, a great many repetitions of trifling facts and dates, showing a want of careful revision; but these are trifles, and the book deserves to be read and, which does not necessarily follow, purchased by every resident in Streatham.

## SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

Our Sketches, in continuation of those of last week, represent types of the personages more or less familiar to every frequenter of the Royal Courts of Justice.

The Divorce Court and its functions are but too well known, and scarce need comment here. Few men can deal with the intricate and delicate points of a probate and divorce case like Mr. Underwick, Q.C.; and few Judges are more capable or better able to distinguish truth from falsehood than the learned Judge of the "Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division."

Registrars are very necessary and most useful officials. Their work is chiefly confined to the Chancery Courts, where they, with the Chief Clerks, lend much valuable aid towards the solution of technical questions that continually arise in the progress of a Chancery suit. Witnesses in courts of law have a most important bearing upon the cases under trial, according to the manner in which they give their evidence. Skilled witnesses are men who, from their experience in their own business or profession, are looked upon as authorities upon special subjects, and are treated as such by the Court. A skilled witness is sometimes a very awkward man to examine, as he is either desirous of saying too much, or anxious to confine himself as much as possible to what he deems it convenient for himself to say. In either case, he apparently considers the counsel who is examining him rather a bore. Our Artist has caught the expression of one of the latter class of gentleman, under the running fire of a well-known cross-examiner. The witness's expression betokens obstinacy, as, with arms folded and brows knitted, he refuses to answer an important question, upon which, perhaps, may hang the value of his evidence to the case.

Cases in the Chancery Division are not always of a very lively character. Our Sketch represents a venerable Vice-Chancellor listening to an eminent Queen's Counsel, who is reading a voluminous correspondence. This, to judge from the expression of their countenances, appears more important to the reader than to the judicial mind, which has no doubt already seen the precise issue, and has unravelled the web which the correspondence will only entwine again, bringing into confusion what admits of an apparently easy solution.

The duties of ushers are various, though probably less important than those of other court officers. They have to keep order and maintain silence in the courts to which they are assigned. They must put up with the whims of Judges, and shut or open doors at command, while they are at the beck and call of counsel requiring the use of books in the court library. In the hot weather, or during a long and tedious case, it is no wonder that an usher occasionally seeks repose in his corner beneath the Judge. But any undue noise at once brings him to his feet, and "the usher awake" springs up from his bench, and cries, "Silence in the Court!"

## A FLOOD IN THE FENS.

"Water—water everywhere"—in excessive abundance, covering the vast level meadows and pastures of that extensive region, in the Eastern or East-Midland counties, where the Ouse and the Nene, the Welland and the Witham, with a multiplicity of "cuts" intersecting the remarkable lowland plain, are often incapable of bearing the whole surface drainage to the seaward Wash. England, with its central hill ranges intercepting the huge Atlantic, has plenty of water during eight months of the year, and much that should flow into the German Ocean is apt, at certain seasons, to drown those spacious "Levcs," which formerly were lakes and morasses, with islands occupied by Saxon or Anglian monasteries, but which have been converted, by the skilful labour of centuries, into rich meadows of grass or fertile cornfields. The sheep, of which there are 150,000 in Bedfordshire, 250,000 in Cambridgeshire, nearly 130,000 in Northamptonshire, and still greater numbers in the "Holland" and Kesteven "Parts" of Lincolnshire, are sorely disturbed by these floods. They fare differently here from those in Queensland and New South Wales, which died by millions last year from the prolonged drought. It is necessary, as our Artist shows, to rescue the timid flock, and carry them away in carts or waggons, that they may find a dry place for their foot, and munch the store of turnips in peace. Live mutton is a much-enduring creature, and very dependent on human care and protection. "Too much of water hast thou," poor bewildered bleater! in this country with its weeks of drenching rain and rivers overcharged between autumn and spring. We cannot deny sympathy and compassion for the woolly folk in this unhappy plight; yet far worse is the condition of those on the moors amidst the snow-drifts of winter, where, as Thomson sings—

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole dreary plains  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The tempest whelms them in the billowy snow.

Lord Aberdeen has accepted the office of President of the Surgical Aid Society.

Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, consecrated a new church at Tong Moor, Bolton, last week. The church is dedicated to St. Augustine, and has been erected at a cost of £6000, raised by voluntary subscriptions. It will accommodate between 500 and 600 worshippers, all the seats being free.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been presented with a valuable casket as a souvenir of the visit of the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud to Torquay last March. The casket is of ivory and gold, and the panels are filled with portraits of the Princess and her daughters, with monograms in raised gold letters on blue enamel.

Lord Cranbrook distributed the prizes at the Birkbeck Institute on the 11th inst., the Lord Mayor in the chair. He commended the principles of the institute in depending upon voluntary subscriptions and not appealing to the State for aid; and advised his hearers in the matter of secondary education as far as possible to be independent of the State.

At a special meeting of the London Working Men's Association, held in Fetter-lane, on the 11th inst., a resolution was adopted tendering thanks to the Prince of Wales and the Executive of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition for the kind consideration shown to the working classes by opening to them the Exhibition at a cheap rate.

Lord Londonderry, the Irish Viceroy, dined with the Benchers of the King's Inn, Dublin, on the 11th inst., Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, presiding. Upwards of forty Benchers were present, comprising all the Judges and the leaders of the Bar, including the present and late law officers. There was also a larger attendance of barristers than assembled on the occasion of entertaining the three preceding Viceroys.—Lord Londonderry has conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Rowland F. Fanning, Deputy Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who has just retired, in recognition of his long and meritorious service.





CHARACTER SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.





A FLOOD IN THE FENS.



## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s recent publications include several pleasing songs. Mr. Stephen Adams's "The Wide, Wide Sea" has a flowing melody—alternating between common time and six-eight—with a well-contrasted accompaniment. "For Ever Young," by Frank L. Moir, is simple in its melody, the effect of which is enhanced by its surrounding harmonic treatment. "A Soldier's Song," by Hope Temple, has the true martial ring in its bold rhythmical phrases, and is well suited for vocal declamation. Mr. F. H. Cowen's "In the Chimney-Corner" is especially graceful, both in its melodic and its harmonic treatment. This composer is very successful in the production of songs which are replete with interest, although simple in construction—his smallest pieces bearing an artistic touch. "The Mayflower," lancers quadrilles for the pianoforte, by Liddell, are based on popular American airs of a very pleasing and striking character in themselves, and well suited, by their marked rhythmical character, for dance purposes.

"Dorothy," a comic opera written by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, music by Alfred Cellier (Chappell and Co.). This is a neat, portable, and inexpensive edition of the vocal score (with pianoforte accompaniment) of the bright and pleasing work recently produced, with great success, at the Gaiety Theatre, as noticed by us at the time.

In form similar to the above, Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have just published Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend"; Dvorák's oratorio, "St. Ludmila"; Dr. Mackenzie's cantata, "The Story of Sayid"; and Dr. C. V. Stanford's setting (for chorus and orchestra) of Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge," all which have been spoken of by us in reference to their recent production at the Leeds Festival.

Mr. Joseph Williams' publications recently issued comprise some attractive vocal pieces. Mr. F. H. Cowen's songs, "I love you too well," and "The Star of our Love," are both in that refined style—as to melody, and artistic treatment in the accompaniment—which especially distinguishes the music of this composer. The words of the last-named piece are by Hugh Conway, and its setting is in a somewhat more declamatory style than the other song. "Clouds," by the same composer, although entitled a ballad, is of more value, as to melody and treatment, than the generality of modern productions of that kind: it is pretty without being feeble.

"Operatic Fantasias for the Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment," comprise a series of arrangements from classical and popular stage works, effectively adapted, in the form indicated, by Mr. E. D. Palmer. For two violins and pianoforte, Mr. J. Barnard has arranged a selection from "La Figlia del Reggimento," the instruments being well contrasted and combined. "Silver Star" is a ballad by Florian Pascal, in which some sentimental lines are set to a melody that, while making small demands on compass of voice or executive skill, admits of much expression on the part of the vocalist. It has been successfully sung by Miss Wadman at the Gaiety Theatre. These are also published by Mr. Joseph Williams, as are "Psyche," a bright "Morceau de Salon," in polka style, and a characteristic "Sarabande," both for pianoforte, by H. Rouvier.

"Adoration," "O Salutaris," are the titles of two "Meditations," by Oscar Wagner, based on one of Bach's smaller preludes. The notion is evidently taken from the beautiful "Ave Maria" constructed by Gounod on a prelude of Bach's.

M. Wagner has produced effective pieces for pianoforte and violin (or flute or violoncello), with accompaniment of organ or harmonium ad lib., or a second violoncello and second violin. These pieces are published by Mr. W. Czerny.

Mr. F. Pitman's penny monthly publication, "The Violin Soloist," contains a selection of pieces taken from composers of various schools and periods, well suited for the practice and amusement of amateurs. A similar work is Mr. Joseph Williams' "Violin Tune-Book," edited by Mr. E. D. Palmer. This is also a serial, and contains solo pieces in various styles.

From among some songs issued by Messrs. Morley and Co., we may particularise Ciro Pinsuti's "Watching the Embers," in which the sentiment of the words is expressed in a melody of a refined and truly vocal character, lying within moderate compass. "Childie," by A. H. Behrend, and "The Biter Bit," by H. Pontet, are pleasing pieces—the first in the expressive style, the other with a touch of quaint humour.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 7, 1885), with two codicils (dated Jan. 1 and July 28, 1886), of Sir John Kelk, Bart., J.P., D.L., M.P. for Harwich from 1865 to 1868, late of Tedworth House, Hants, and of No. 3, Grosvenor-square, who died on Sept. 12 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Sir John William Kelk, Bart., the son, and Henry Mason, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £408,000. The testator bequeaths £100,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Maude Maude, in addition to the provision to the extent of £85,000 made for her on her marriage; he also bequeaths to her certain pearl jewellery, &c.; £10,000 to each of his sisters, Mrs. Cuthell and Mrs. Wilson; £5000 to his sister Mrs. Mainwaring; and legacies and annuities to cousins, wife's sisters, trustees, solicitor, servants, and others. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate, including the Tedworth estate, he settles on his son John William, who has succeeded to the baronetcy, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to their respective seniorities, in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1877), with three codicils (dated Nov. 19, 1878; June 5, 1882; and April 9, 1885), of Mr. John Berners, late of Woolverstone Park, Suffolk, who died on Aug. 31 last, at Felixstowe, was proved on the 1st inst. by Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Motteux Calvert, R.A., and Charles Richards Steward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £222,000. The testator devises all his freehold and copyhold property to go with his settled estates, but charged with the payment to his wife, for life, with interest at the rate of 3½ per cent upon a sum of £49,000, and upon any other money laid out by him in the purchase of estates. He bequeaths certain books, pictures, effects, two carriages, and all the money in the house, at his banker's, or in the hands of his agents, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Henrietta Berners; £10,000, the furniture, effects, horses and carriages not given to his wife, and all his live and dead farming stock, to his brother Hugh; and legacies to executors and servants. His diamonds and family jewels he gives to his wife for life, then to his said brother for life, and then to be held as heirlooms. The residue of his personal estate is to be laid out in the purchase of freehold property to go with the settled estates.

The will (dated April 24, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 3 following), of Mr. Charles William Upton, late of No. 10, St. Mark's-square, Regent's Park, and of No. 11, Old-square, Lincoln's-Inn, barrister-at-law, who died on Sept. 25 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Mrs. Maria May Upton, the widow, the Rev. Archer Upton, the brother, and Robert Lewin Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his wife, and his furniture and effects (except certain plate), horses and carriages; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children. In default of children, the residue is to go to his brothers and their issue, as his wife may appoint; but power is given to her to appoint part thereof absolutely.

The will (dated June 12, 1886) of Mr. William Foster Moore, J.P., late of Plymouth, who died on July 20 last, has been proved at the Exeter District Registry by Mrs. Marion Moore, the widow, the Rev. John Curgenven, and the Rev. William Moore Ede, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator gives two freehold houses at Plymouth, £200, and his horses and carriages, furniture and effects, to his wife; £250 to each of his other executors; and legacies to a niece, his yacht skipper, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up children under age, and then for his children. In default of children, he gives legacies to his sisters and to his brother-in-law, and the ultimate residue to his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated May 26, 1882) of the Rev. Thomas Evans, late of Nant-y-Derry House, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, who died on April 16 last, at Cheltenham, was proved on the 29th ult. by Mrs. Anne Evans, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator gives all his personal estate to his wife; all his real estate he leaves to her, for life, and then to his daughters, Charlotte Mary, Catherine Anne, and Mabel Gladys, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated April 11, 1878) of Mrs. Elizabeth Walshman Arnott, late of The Glade, Englefield Green, Surrey, who died on June 23 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Ralph John Aspinall, the nephew, and Major Edwin Nicholas Heygate, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix gives £200 each to the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, and the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; her furniture and effects, horses, and carriages to her daughter, Mary Arnott; her third share under the will of her father in certain copyhold property to her nephew, the said Ralph John Aspinall; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, for life; and then, subject to the payment of a legacy of £1000 to her niece Mrs. Mary Jane Heygate, to her said nephew, and to her nieces Jane Robinson Wade and Katharine Aspinall.

The will (dated June 23, 1886) of the Hon. Edward Romilly, late of No. 6, Atherstone-terrace, who died on July 12 last, at Folkestone, was proved on the 23rd ult. by General Lothian Nicholson, C.B., and Charles Morgan Cowie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator makes bequests to his brother, Lord Romilly, and to servants; the rest of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter.

It does not often occur that what has been a man's misfortune during the greater part of his life should eventually result in benefits not only to himself but also to his fellow creatures. The life of Mr. Beasley, the eminent authority on defects in speech, more particularly relating to stammering, is an exception to this rule. "Physician, cure thyself" would be a fitting title to a little book written by him on "Stammering: Its Treatment," wherein the author alludes to the fact of having cured himself of that malady after suffering for more than thirty years. This work may be read with great interest by all who seek knowledge of the subject, and will no doubt find its way and be a valuable addition to every library, where it will prove immeasurably useful as a book of reference. As a child, Mr. Beasley was remarkable for his fluency of speech, but an attack of low fever left an impediment which, although only slight at first, gradually developed until, as a youth, he had become a confirmed stammerer of the most inveterate type, his scholastic training having been a painful and laborious task alike to his instructors and himself. In spite of every effort on the part of his parents, who spared no expense in procuring the best advice and treatment which could be obtained, his case was pronounced hopeless and incurable, and in this pitiable condition he commenced life in the counting-house of his father, an ironmaster of South Staffordshire; but the brilliant commercial prospects thus held out to him were never realised, but faded one by one before his inability to make himself intelligible. The spirit of determination and perseverance so heavily discounted in his industrial career enabled him to compete successfully with the first amateur sportsmen and athletes in trials of skill which required no talking, and in all manly sports he was considered one of the best men of his day. He will be well remembered by old Volunteers as one of the earliest promoters of the movement, as one of the champion rifle-shots in Lord Bury's first English eight who competed successfully against Captain Ross's Scotch team for the Elcho Challenge Shield at Wimbledon in the year 1862, and the victor in many other competitions and athletic sports too numerous to be recorded here. It will not be supposed that a man of so much ability and force of character would leave anything untried to rid himself of so great a curse as his impediment had long been to him. Accident revealed to him what possibly he might never have noticed but that he had been for many years seeking a cure; but accident



MR. B. BEASLEY, AUTHOR OF "STAMMERING: ITS TREATMENT."

it certainly was which pointed out to him the first grand principle that must be inculcated before a stammerer can find relief; but it was only by dint of many years of labour, study, and research that he discovered and perfected the system of treatment for the cure of stammering which has gained him the distinction of being the greatest living authority on the subject. Having completed his own cure, the student became the monitor, at first only as a philanthropist; but so remarkable was the success attained in every individual case that he was led to adopt the cure of stammering as a profession. Mr. Beasley does not claim to be a worker of miracles, or to possess more power than any other minute observer could obtain; he only claims to be the sole founder of a system by which he has cured himself and others of a most distressing affliction. He says—"It is in a measure to the devotion to his profession and the fact of having been himself a stammerer for so many years, that his success with others is to be attributed"; but we suspect that not a little of this success is due to his genial disposition, for, although past fifty, he still joins in the outdoor amusements of his pupils, thereby creating that confidence between instructor and instructed which is so essential in the treatment of this disorder. In addition to his physical qualifications, he possesses other accomplishments not less useful in their nature, and, as a reader, is far from being a mean exponent of Shakspeare or Dickens. Few men could be found, supposing they had his knowledge, so well qualified for the work he is doing. And thus the early misfortunes of the subject of this sketch have proved a boon to the community at large, and led to the establishment of two institutions for the reception of pupils for treatment and instruction: one at Green Bank College, Hall Green, near Birmingham, and one at Barons Court House, West Kensington, London, where young and old of both sexes who had thought their impediments were absolutely incurable, have had the power of perfect speech restored to them; and many whose lives might otherwise have been aimless and without ambition, have been enabled to enter the Church, the Army, the Navy, and medical professions.

It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the efficacy of Mr. Beasley's

system than the founder himself, as will be well remembered by those who have had the privilege of hearing him lecture, or have read the flattering criticisms contained from time to time in the columns of our contemporaries.



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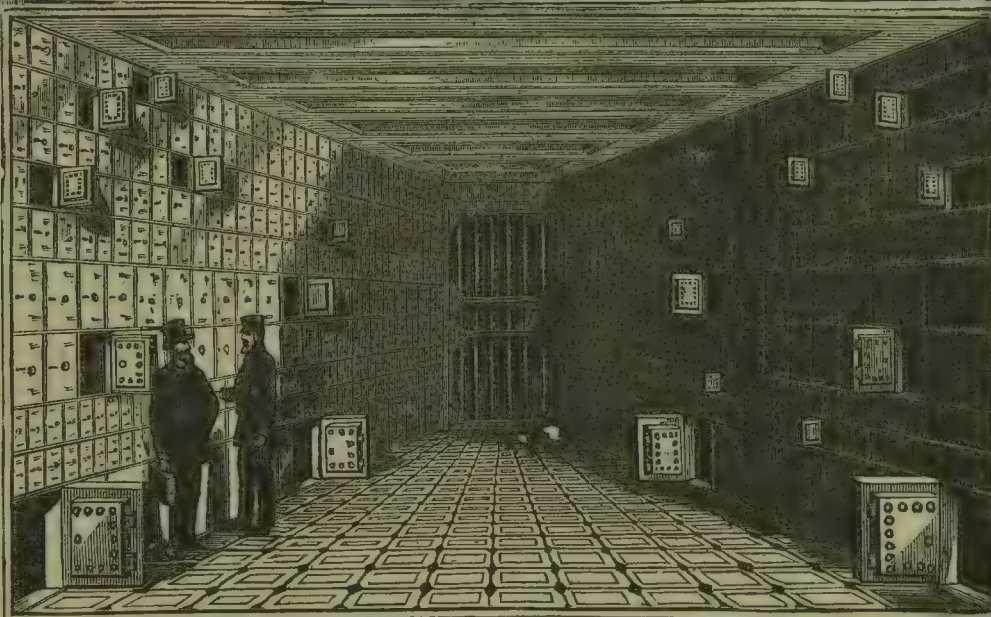
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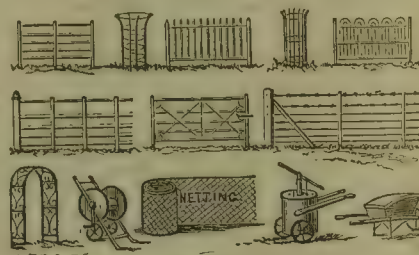
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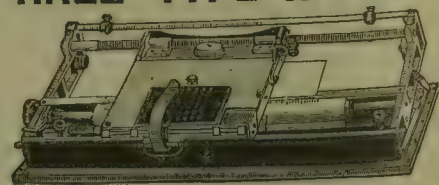
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From CHARLES HIGHT, Esq., F.C.A., 3, Copthall-buildings, Bank, E.C., Sept. 22, 1885.  
"I have used the Hall Typewriter for several months now, and find it invaluable. I use it for all my correspondence, business and private. For setting out Accounts, Balance Sheets, Reports, and documents of all kinds, nothing could be better; time is saved, and the work turned out is more legible and neater than that of the best hand-writer I have ever known. My little daughter, eight years old, can use it easily. It never gets out of order. I am much pleased with it."

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## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

## ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The elders of the reading public, if not too grave and reverend, or too stiff and dull with age, to relish the literary and pictorial reminiscences of their youth some forty years and more ago, are glad to see the reproduction of John Leech's graphic comedies, and cannot be unwilling to associate some works of that gifted artist with an agreeable humourist, Albert Smith, whose genuine talent of comic fancy was once a delight to the Londoners of his own day. He is still remembered by many who were of his regular audiences at the Egyptian Hall, where he discoursed of the climbing of Mont Blanc, then reckoned a marvellous feat of daring prowess, and of the odd manners of "Edwards," the English engine-tender, on board the Austrian Lloyd's steam-boat in a Mediterranean voyage. Somewhat earlier, but well within our recollection, he won his rank among novel-writers by a very amusing story *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury and his Friend Jack Johnson*, rather in the rollicking vein of certain "Sketches by Boz" than resembling the matured later fictions of Dickens, which is now again placed before us. It fills a large volume of five hundred closely-printed pages with twenty-one illustrations, copied from John Leech's original etchings, which Messrs. R. Bentley and Sons, whose famous "Magazine" was the nursery of much rising genius, offer in these days for our renewed entertainment. The proper theme and key-note of this humorous epic will be immediately discerned in the contrast of characters between the slow young man and the fast young man of that period; Mr. Titus Ledbury being of mild tastes, a little timid, and scrupulously decorous in behaviour, while Jack Johnson is a medical student of robust constitution, familiar with street life and with cheap and popular haunts of amusement, knowing, clever, and enterprising in the diversions of mixed society, and what some young fellows might consider an experienced man of the world. Jack is, nevertheless, an honest and manly youth, with the principles and sentiment of a gentleman, in spite of his Bohemian habits; and, though some of the queer adventures on the Continent bring these heedless tourists into equivocal situations, the interests of morality do not suffer, and we rejoice in the engagement of Miss Ledbury, the sister of Titus, to his friend, who eventually determines to lead a more settled life at home. The scenes in Paris—especially in the Quartier Latin of the students, as it then existed, and on the Boulevards—are relieved by English domesticities, tea-parties, picnics, races, private theatricals, and rural excursions; but another Continental trip conducts the same travelling companions up the Rhine, to Switzerland, and over the St. Gothard to Milan, where they get into a scrape with the Austrian police. As for the illustrations, they betray, in some degree, the influence of George Cruikshank's style of drawing, and sometimes remind us also of "Phiz"; but John Leech had a vigorous genius, and his conceptions were thoroughly original. This remark applies equally to his forcible drawings for another work of Albert Smith's, *The Marchioness of Brinçilliers*, now republished by Messrs. Bentley in the same form. It is, of course, a romance of celebrated French crimes in the seventeenth century, founded upon the real history of that infamous female poisoner, who died on the scaffold. We have not felt tempted to turn over its pages; but it was recognised, at the time of writing, as a story which evinced the author's imaginative power.

A new edition of M. Francis Wey's excellent work of descriptive topography, *Rome: Its Churches, Monuments, Art, and Antiquities*, ornamented and illustrated by 280 good wood engravings, is published by Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. It is a book more readable, from the ease and grace of its style and the brevity of its historical allusions, which are yet sufficiently precise and distinct, than some other books treating of renowned cities; while the first impressions of an intelligent visitor are communicated to the reader with effective liveliness and freshness. We should decidedly recommend it as an agreeable and useful remembrancer of a sojourn in Rome.

Messrs. Blackie and Son, who have prepared some of the most acceptable Christmas books of this season, deserve the thanks of lovers of genuine humour and of good illustrative art for their beautiful edition of Washington Irving's immortal *Rip Van Winkle*. The text is finely printed, with wide margins, on thick paper, and the engravings, designed by Mr. Gordon Browne (son of Hablot K. Browne) with great power of characteristic conception and delineation, are set opposite those portions of the text to which they refer. No book can be arranged more conveniently and agreeably for quickly turning over, as one does in a drawing-room, in the minutes of pause that occur in conversation, reading only a few sentences at a time, and calling one's friends' attention to the amusing pictures. The story, too, is so familiar to everybody, and is so simple, as well as so delightful in its innocent drollery, that it is supremely adapted for use in this desultory manner, to enliven the half-hour of waiting for dinner, or while the tea-cups are being filled to pass round the social circle at the fireside.

Patient study, and that in a reverent mood, is demanded, on the contrary, by one of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications, *The Likeness of Christ*, which is a critical inquiry, with splendid illuminated plates, coloured and gilt, into the verisimilitude of the several reputed portraits of our Saviour. The author was the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy, whose work is edited by Mr. Wyke Bayliss; and his discussion is of so much antiquarian and artistic interest that we should reserve it for a more deliberate notice.

A playful exercise of fancy, recommended by the originality of the conception and by many touches of true humour, is rather audaciously "dedicated to the University of Oxford." The little pamphlet, of some forty pages, entitled *Old Saints and New Demons*, is published by B. H. Blackwell, in that town, and by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., in London. In spite of its alarming title, there is no theological heresy in it, or sceptical speculation concerning grave matters of faith. The saints in question are merely the stone effigies that adorn some of the College buildings, with which are associated the Bells, and other conspicuous objects of local notoriety, belonging to the furniture or ornament of those venerable institutions, but especially the architectural Gargoyles, often carved in the shape of Demons, or Griffins and the like fantastic monsters. On Midsummer Night, it is supposed by the imaginative author, there is a customary annual assembly of all these figures and various articles invested with personality; the statue of King James I., from Wadham College, presiding as Vice-Chancellor, while the Anglo-Saxon, from the Castle Mound, officiates as Proctor; among these dignified personages are Cardinal Wolsey and Great Tom, from Christ Church; St. Michael "the Pocker Man," from a

painted window of the cathedral; St. Boniface, from New College Chapel; also, a certain Abbot and a certain Griffin, who had given offence to certain newly-carved Demon Gargoyles. The action consists of a plot in which these Demons conspire, with a mischievous undergraduate, to "screw up" the door, and keep in the august guardians of so many Colleges, with the geni of the Bells and Clocks, after the appointed hour of returning to their ordinary posts. There is much fun in the short story; and it may perhaps be considered, in another year, worthy of an illustrated edition, as it presents good subjects for an artist's pencil.

A volume published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., entitled *From Gold to Grey*, contains a series of pleasing and touching poems, idyllic and reflective, by Mrs. Brine, treating of nature and life, but chiefly of human life, in a spirit of affectionate aspiration. All the pages are tastefully adorned with a variety of fine woodcuts from drawings by nearly twenty artists, among whom are Giacomelli, Mary Gow, Overend, Boot, Frank Dadd, Davidson Knowles, Brewtnall, and others of good repute. *Songs from Shakespeare*, a smaller volume, issued by the same publishers, is very prettily illustrated, and gives the music for some of the songs. Bloomfield's ballad, *The Fakenham Ghost* (Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co.) is cleverly illustrated by J. L. Wimbush; and Tom Hood's *The Knight and the Dragon*, by Mr. Ernest Jessop, the text being inscribed on the plates as antique manuscript (Eyre and Spottiswoode). Some of the late Mr. Randolph Caldecott's pictures, coloured, supply one of the Christmas publications of Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons. *Davy and the Goblin*, by Charles E. Carryl (F. Warne and Co.), is an avowed companion to "Alice in Wonderland," the unequalled production of Lewis Carroll; the story and the drawings are not bad in their way. Another of the late Juliana Horatia Ewing's tales, engaging and elevating the childlike heart, called *Mary's Meadow*, with illustrations by Gordon Browne, is issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

## GIFT-BOOKS FOR BOYS.

As Christmas, the time for yearly gifts to the younger members of the family, is now "within measurable distance," we must think of what will please "our boys" when they come home from school; of such acceptable holiday reading as will beguile the rainy days passed indoors—for the skating days are few—and the long evening hours at the domestic fireside. Books of congenial entertainment, tales of bold adventure, "of moving accidents by flood and field," brief and stirring historical narratives of the deeds of valiant men, tales of romance and those of more heroic reality, accounts of the wild and the curious aspects of nature in foreign climes, are still produced, usually with some pictorial accompaniment, by enterprising and ingenious publishers.

One of the most approved literary masters of imaginative composition in this department is Jules Verne, whose works, amounting now to about twenty-eight different stories, translated into English, may be had of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., either in volumes adorned with many full-page engravings, or at the cheapest rate, with only a few illustrations. The new volume, entitled *Mathias Sandorf*, is rather in the vein of the immortal "Monte Christo." The story is in three parts; the titles of which, being "The Conspirators of Trieste," "The Wrestlers of the Jura," and "The Captives of Antekirta," promise a variety of adventures. Count Mathias Sandorf is a Magyar noble, who in 1867 was engaged, with friends at Trieste, in a plot for an insurrection against the Austrian Empire. It is discovered by a spy named Sarcany intercepting a carrier pigeon, and deciphering the message. They are imprisoned in an old fortress, from which Sandorf escapes by a rope, and swims a river beneath the window. He is supposed to be drowned; but, fifteen years afterwards, comes in his yacht to Ragusa, in the guise of Dr. Antekirt, a rich physician of roving life and mysterious powers. He meets two French travelling performers of gymnastics, Pescade and Matifou, whose aid he enlists for a certain project. It is to punish Sarcany, and likewise a Trieste banker, who helped to betray one of Sandorf's friends, and who has appropriated the inheritance of the victim's son. Dr. Antekirt-Sandorf carries the son, Pierre Bathory, to a sequestered isle on the coast of Tripoli, where he resides and rules. So far goes the introductory portion of the narrative; we leave the remainder, half the volume, an unrevealed problem of contrivance and romantic chance.

From the same publishers we get another story, by Paul Celière, *The Startling Exploits of Dr. Quies*, translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. J. Lillie, with numerous lively illustrations. These are in keeping with the story, which the author calls "a flight of fancy," but which we call a delicious piece of humour. Dr. Quies is a small country gentleman, a peddling scholar and antiquary, who loves learned leisure and repose. He falls asleep in a train on the Lyons railway, gets mixed up at Marseilles with a lot of Hungarian cattle to be embarked for Algiers, is mistaken for the cattle-driver, and is hustled on board the steam-boat. How this simple gentleman, a French Mr. Pickwick, fares in North Africa, being spirited away into the Sahara, and in a lonely situation picked up by an English Commissioner, who takes him to Khartoum, let everybody read in a very amusing book. He gets home safe, indeed, to St. Pignonnolles-Girouettes, where he is crowned with glory, but is soon obliged, by the enthusiasm of his scientific colleagues, to start on a fresh expedition to the Danube. Finally, having quitted the earth in a balloon, and after hovering over foreign lands and seas, he again returns to his native town, witnesses the inauguration of a statue of himself, and writes eleven volumes of the fruits of his amazing travels. We thank him, and M. Paul Celière, for some hearty good laughter.

The approved English writers of romance for boys have not been idle this season. Mr. G. A. Henty, who has personally witnessed much African warfare as Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, in company with our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, is a master of lifelike fiction in the line of wild campaigning experiences. He knows, too, how to avail himself of historical military themes; here he is *With Wolfe in Canada*, at "the Winning of a Continent" (Blackie and Son); and Mr. Gordon Browne supplies twelve page illustrations. Mr. Henty narrates, also, the stirring history of Lord Peterborough's dashing performances in Spain, in 1705, entitling that English hero (who was the Mordaunt of Pope's complimentary verse) "The Bravest of the Brave"; the illustrations are by Mr. H. M. Paget. Young readers who like contemporary private experiences of "Bush Life in Australia" may peruse *A Final Reckoning*, which is another production of

Mr. Henty's, and he is a namesake, if not a kinsman, of the earliest settler at Melbourne fifty years ago. Boys more sentimental in their clinging to family affections, but eager to learn the habits of Australian life, are likely to relish Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *Golden Land* (Ward, Lock, and Co.), which relates the voyage and inland journey of certain children to their uncle's cattle-station, among the black fellows and the kangaroos. In *Teddy: the Story of a Little Pickle*, by John C. Hutcheson (Blackie and Son), there is a little of Australia, but more of the sea, with a shipwreck on the South American coast. Maritime perils, labours, and conflicts are wrought up with high literary skill by Mr. Douglas Frazar in *Perseverance Island* (same publisher,) combined with a solitary residence, like Robinson Crusoe's, on an uninhabited isle of the South Pacific Ocean. This is an interesting story, written with studied simplicity of style, much in Defoe's vein of apparent sincerity and scrupulous veracity; while for practical instruction it is even better than "Robinson Crusoe" in one respect, as the castaway mariner has not the advantage of saving stores and tools out of the wreck of the vessel.

We can also recommend, upon the strength of so distinguished a naval officer and African explorer's reputation, Commander Verney Lovett Cameron's new story, *Harry Raymond* (F. Warne and Co), in which Harry's adventures among pirates, slaves, and cannibals, not to mention gorillas, up the Gaboon, and with the Fans under their chief Okolo, are rendered attractive to those who love what is wild and strange. *The Log of the Flying Fish*, by Mr. H. Collingwood, with engravings drawn by Mr. Gordon Browne, comprises aerial and submarine as well as ordinary seafaring movements. The fantastic vessel thus named, through the inventions of Professor Von Schalkenberg, of which Sir Reginald Elphinstone pays the cost, is calculated to serve, at will, for a sort of balloon or a diving-bell, at any height or depth required. We touch solid ground once more, with old friend Captain Marryat, the entertainer of our own boyhood many years past, in Messrs. F. Warne and Co.'s new edition (illustrated) of his *Settlers in Canada*. The period to which this story of an English emigrant family is referred, being so long ago as 1794, none of the boys of the present time should be so ignorant of colonial progress as to imagine that the banks of the St. Lawrence, or any district near Quebec or Montreal, are now in the condition that it describes. But the story has its merits, with an excellent moral tone like that of "Masterman Ready." Naval service, with a sufficiency of battles, including the real fight between the Monitor and the Merrimack in the American Civil War, is treated of by Mr. Arthur Lee Knight, who has served in an Admiral's flag-ship, and who is known as author of "The Cruise of the Theseus." *Ronald Halifax; or, He would be a Sailor* (F. Warne and Co.) is the name of this story, a fiction well adapted to juvenile tastes.

In the meantime, let us speak with due regard of several instructive and well arranged books containing the true narratives of memorable deeds and lives, and of men who have deserved remembrance in the minds of the rising generation. *The Heroes of the Indian Empire*, "Stories of Valour and Victory," told with exactness and freshness of spirit by Mr. Ernest Foster, occupy a neat small volume published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. They are judiciously grouped as "Warriors and Statesmen"—namely, Clive, Warren Hastings, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Wellesley, Eldred Pottinger and Sir Alexander Burnes, and Sir Charles Napier; "Soldiers of the Cross," the admirable missionaries, Carey, Martyn, and Duff; and the "Men of the Mutiny," Henry and John Lawrence, Havelock, Outram, and Lord Clyde. The account of the noble works of the founders of Christian teaching in India is particularly worthy of notice, and is a salutary relief to the mind, amidst the stern histories of war and conquest. Dr. James Macaulay the accomplished editor of the *Leisure Hour*, has compiled, with much judgment, a volume entitled *Thrilling Tales* (though we do not like the epithet) of "Enterprise and Peril, Adventure and Heroism," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. These interesting chapters of true history comprise, among others, the voyage of Magellan, the first circumnavigator; the Spanish conquest of Peru, the English popular insurrections of Wat Tyler and Kett of Norfolk, several shipwrecks, mutinies of ships' crews, and sea-fights, Arctic explorations, balloon ascents, railway collisions, escapes from prison, the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, and the burning of Moscow.

The yearly volume of the *Boy's Own Paper* makes the "Boy's Own Annual"; a volume published at 5s. Paternoster-row, containing a delightful miscellany of bold adventurous stories, all over the world, entertaining bits of knowledge holiday trips, descriptions of the old castles of our own country, anecdotes of our national history, and of the manners of our ancestors, lives and deeds of brave and good men, tales of shipwreck, and various disasters and escapes, descriptions of the great public schools of England, accounts of cricket, football, boating, cycling, and archery, of the keeping of animals, of fishing, rabbiting, and rat-catching, and of favourite in-door games; all that boys are likely to care for most, "quidquid agunt pueri," as the Latin motto says on the titlepage. Mr. G. A. Hutchison, the editor, may be congratulated upon the successful combination of bright and interesting pieces, furnished by many clever writers, and upon the work of many artists and engravers in hundreds of illustrations, besides the coloured frontispiece, drawn by Mr. Maynard Brown, which represents a steam fire-engine on its way to the scene of action.

Mr. Edmund Routledge, the editor of the *Every Boy's Annual* (G. Routledge and Sons), enlists the literary aid of well-known good writers distinguished in the British Army and Navy, Major-General A. W. Drayson, R.A., Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N., and Lieutenant C. R. Low, I.N., contributing to this year's volume some of its best articles. South Africa, Eastern Africa, the Ashantee Expedition, and the first Burmese War of sixty years ago, supply many interesting chapters; while General Drayson gives, in other papers, some useful practical instruction for dealing with, or still better avoiding, diverse accidents in ordinary life, and for prognosticating the state of the weather; he also writes a pleasing description of the natural history of the New Forest. The predominating military element is sustained by short accounts of the battles of Azincourt, Ramilies, Quatre Bras, and Inkermann, with Mr. R. C. Woodville's illustrations. A series of "Historical Scenes" by Madame De Witt, the daughter of Guizot, puts imaginative life into the Scottish adventures of "Prince Charlie"; and that lady also contributes a romance of old French chivalry, "The Hobgoblin and the Demon." Mr. Ascott Hope, Mr. Henry Frith, and Mr. W. W. Fenn help to furnish the contents of "Every Boy's Annual," which many boys will find to their taste.



## NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Edward Money, pitying the crass ignorance of his countrymen, has been good enough to write an entertaining little book entitled *The Truth about America* (Sampson Low). He tells us a great deal with which most Englishmen who read, even if they do not travel, are perfectly acquainted already. For example, we are told that there is not a decently paved street in New York; that America is a very expensive country to travel in; that there is, to use his expressive language, "a beastly want of courtesy"; that "bribery and corruption are acknowledged on every side to be the rule"; that Brooklyn Suspension-Bridge is the finest in the world; that the dollar is worth 4s. 2d., and the cent represents one half-penny. He points out the difference between the railway carriages in the States and in England, giving America the palm; but making a strong protest against the fares, the lack of porters, and the rudeness of railway officials. He has much to say in praise, too, both of country and people, but not a great deal that has been forgotten by former travellers. The volume, however, is the work of an intelligent traveller who, as he is careful to tell us, has visited many lands, and has a talent for "absorbing facts and describing them later." Mr. Money gives some characteristic experiences. Americans, he says, are apt to forget where the English language came from. One day he had a conversation with one of them about pronunciation. "Very true," said the man, "we do pronounce many words differently, and I can always recognise your countrymen by the British accent they use when speaking our language." Waiting at the railway station, the following conversation occurred between "a particularly pretty-looking" young lady and Mr. Money:—"I can't fix my box; you do it." The rope had come off. "Yes, I'll help you. Are you waiting for the train?" "Guess you are right. How stupid you are; don't fix it in that way. Can't you see the rope is long enough to go twice round?" "All right, I'll do it so." As the only seat at the station was occupied by the girl, Mr. Money then sat upon her box—a large and strong one—and the dialogue continued:—"You fixed it well, thank you, but don't sit on my box." "Why not?" "Because I don't like it. Can't you sit on the steps?" "No, thank you, I'll stand." "Tell me, when is the train due?" "Immediately. There it is, coming now." "Guess the box is too heavy for one man. Will you help to fix it upon the car?" And finally the young American, without a word of thanks, or even waiting for reply, called out to a man close by, "Jimmy, can't you see my box? Help that man standing by it to slip it on the car." Mr. Money adds that he does not suppose the girl meant to be rude. It was only that, like many of her fellow-countrywomen, she did not understand politeness. With his remarks upon the familiarities and personalities that too often give life to American newspapers we cordially agree.

It will be remembered that Mr. Henry Irving delivered a discourse last summer in the University Schools at Oxford; and those who had not the pleasure of listening to the distinguished actor's talk about the art he loves, can now judge at least of its quality, while losing the charm of Mr. Irving's voice and manner. In *English Actors; Their Characteristics and Their Methods* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), the speaker took up four distinguished actors—Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Kean—as representatives of the craft. Burbage, it is needless to say, was Shakespeare's contemporary; and in him the poet found an admirable exponent of his finest creations. "He was," says Mr. Irving, "the first great actor England ever saw"; but great though his fame was, we know very little about him. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty, not unhonoured by "such 'common players' as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others whose names were destined to become the most honoured in the annals of English literature." His most distinguished successor was Thomas Betterton, who for upwards of fifty years "seems to have held his position as the foremost actor of the day." Yet he is said to have had an awkwardly-shaped body and a low and grumbling voice, but with such power over it that he could enforce attention even from fops and orange-girls. He died in 1710; and his elegy—in prose—was written by Steele, who said that, from his acting, he had received "more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature than from the arguments of the most solid philosopher or the descriptions of the most charming poets." Thirty years after Betterton's death David Garrick appeared on the stage. He possessed a most varied genius, and was successful in every part which he attempted; a man of a free and generous nature, with gifts that would have adorned any position in life. Far less worthy in personal character, but even greater in Mr. Irving's judgment as an actor, was Edmund Kean, to whose memory the last pages of the discourse are dedicated. "I doubt," he says, "if there ever was an actor who so thought out his part—who so closely studied with the inward eye of the artist the waves of emotion that might have agitated the minds of the beings whom he represented." Every reader of Mr. Irving's brief but significant discourse will thank him, as we do now, for a pleasant half-hour.

Mr. Davenport Adams, the most indefatigable, and by no means the least interesting or trustworthy, of bookmakers, has just produced a work which can scarcely fail to interest all readers, with the exception, perhaps, of the few who have given to the history of the British Army the study of a life-time. *England at War; the Story of the Great Campaigns of the British Army*, two volumes (Remington and Co.), is a work alike attractive to read, and useful for reference. Mr. Adams touches, perhaps, on dangerous ground in his accounts of the War in the Transvaal, and the War in Egypt and the Soudan, for there is a strong feeling in the country with regard to both of them, of which he seems to take little account. Perhaps we are too near to these events to judge of them with historical impartiality, or even to conjecture what judgment posterity will pass upon them. It is true that history in these hurried times soon becomes ancient, but it may become all the more impressive when it ceases to possess a political significance. Mr. Adams's first volume contains an account of the military system in England under the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the rule of Cromwell. Then, among other great military deeds, we have the War of the Succession, the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, the early wars in India, and the Peninsular War. In the second volume the thrilling and noble story of Waterloo may be read once more; also the painful and humiliating events of the first Afghan War; the gallant deeds of our Army in Scinde, led by Sir Charles Napier, the bravest of the brave; the wars with the Sikhs, always honourable to the British soldier, which led to the annexation of the Punjab; and the Crimean War, which, as Mr. Adams justly observes, though he might have made the observation still more truly with regard to the Soudan and the Transvaal, "lies still too much within the province of modern history to be made the subject of cool and impartial discussion." The gallant deeds of our soldiers in that memorable campaign are described with great spirit; and no slight labour must have been expended on this brief relation of events, told at large with eloquence

and masterly perspicuity by Mr. Kinglake. A larger space is devoted by Mr. Adams to the Indian Mutiny; and here, again, it is surely an advantage, in these busy days, to have a concise account of that ever-memorable and terrible chapter in the history of the nineteenth century. Never, perhaps, did the English race show its great qualities more strikingly than in the endurance as well as active courage called forth by the Sepoy Mutiny. Whether the Abyssinian War and the Ashantee Expedition belong to the great campaigns of the British Army, is open to question; but they were, no doubt, very important, and, having happened in our own day, Mr. Adams may have regarded them as specially worthy of attention. These chapters, like the chapters devoted to the Soudan and the Transvaal, will help the reader to revive the knowledge of events, acquired, probably, from day to day in the newspapers. Records of all these wars are to be found elaborately written in weighty volumes, and Mr. Adams, in skimming the cream from them, has done a service for which he deserves the gratitude of the general reader.

A book full of stirring adventure and amusing incident awaits the reader in *Australiana; or, My Early Life*, by Richmond Henty (Sampson Low), and the interest of the little volume is increased from the fact that Mr. Henty describes himself as the first white native of the first settlement of Victoria. The writer relates that his grandfather, who was the owner of the freehold of West Tarring, and part proprietor of Henty's bank at Worthing, chartered a barque for Western Australia, carrying with him horses, sheep, cattle, farming implements, and farm labourers; and last, though not least, several sons. Some settled in Tasmania, some in Australia. Portland Bay was the spot fixed upon by four of the settlers, the land being then covered with a dense forest and masses of scrub. That was only fifty years ago; and now, thanks to these early settlers and their successors, Victoria is one of the most prosperous portions of the British empire. The change is so great that it is bewildering; and Mr. Henty, who was born in Portland in 1837, may well express his astonishment at a progress which is probably unprecedented in the history of colonisation. The best chapters in the narrative describe his early life, which was full of adventure, and not without hair-breadth escapes. In those days, locomotion, whether on sea or land, was a serious business. It took his grandfather seven months to reach Swan River; and on one occasion, the voyage between Tasmania and Portland, a distance of 350 miles, occupied Mr. Henty six weeks. On land, people moved about in carts and on horseback; and the author relates that one day he rode seventy miles on the same horse, which carried him with ease, though only grassed. The Henty family appear to have been wonderfully successful. They had clippers built for them in Scotland, they had a meat-curing establishment, and when quite a young man Mr. Henty's father was able to purchase for him a station containing 140 square miles with 4000 head of cattle. "Life on a cattle station," he writes, "has many charms for a young man. There is an independence, a sense of perfect freedom, a freshness and buoyancy about it which you may seek in vain in any other kind of existence." With the freedom, too, came wealth; but there were troubles in store; and, owing to the fault or incapacity of a brother-in-law, he was forced to sell his property at one station for about £24,000. This part of the narrative is not very clear, nor, perhaps, was it intended to be, and the reader is left to guess at what the writer means when, after describing his future wife, he adds, "Alas! had I known then as much as now what the altered state of my fortunes would be!" There is little method in the narrative, but the incidents will attract the reader, and the freshness of the style supplies the place of literary art.

First the magazine then the volume is the literary order of the day, and it is followed by Mr. Evan Rowland Jones in his *Heroes of Industry* (Sampson Low). These biographical sketches appeared originally in the *Shipping World*. The book, says the writer, was not written to record pecuniary success. "The road which leads to affluence is made crooked by many. Character is often deserted by the way. Rustling silks and glistening diamonds cannot charm the deserted goddess back again; and the December of life is cold and dark without the warmth of her mantle and the light of her countenance." It will be seen from this brief extract that simplicity is not the mark of Mr. Jones's style, which has the two apparently antagonistic characteristics of being snip-snap and high flown. To give an adequate idea of it would be impossible without quotations, for which we have no space; but one cannot but feel suspicious that the living men who are made to bear the weight of Mr. Jones's encomiums will be a little uncomfortable under the burden. The book, notwithstanding, is instructive and entertaining, and, as it does not attempt to describe dead heroes whose lives have already been written, has the air of originality. Among the sixteen sketches there are biographies of the Earl of Ravensworth, who, we are told, "can walk alone, assume responsibilities, and take the storm"; of Ferdinand de Lesseps, Joseph W. Swan, Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P.; William Henry Wills, M.P., who is said to be at the head of the tobacco trade in this country; Mr. William Henry White, the celebrated naval architect; and Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., of whose oratorical genius Mr. Jones writes as follows:—"He has not the impressive presence and richness of voice of the greatest living debater, Gladstone; he has not the quiet power, the finished gesture, and the silvery cadences of the incomparable political orator, John Bright; nor has he the trenchant wit and elaborated sarcasm of Disraeli; but in sustained excellence of composition, richness of language, and intensity of earnestness, he is superior to each of the great triumvirate—superior to any political orator of our language."

The greatest poet of the century was also, as he has said himself, the happiest of men. And with such a wife as Mary Wordsworth, and such a sister as Dorothy, to say nothing of the joy gained from his own thoughts, and the physical enjoyments of a fine constitution, and of a home amidst the loveliest scenery in England, it would have been perverse indeed had Wordsworth been a grumbler. No "Life," using the word in its well-understood sense, is likely to be written of the sister, who may be said to have sacrificed her own genius and almost her identity for the sake of the poet; but in *Dorothy Wordsworth*, by Edmund Lee (Clarke and Co.), we have an appreciative monograph, gathered from familiar sources, and presenting a pleasing picture of this remarkable woman. Little, indeed, can be said of her apart from her brother, for she belonged to him as much as Mary Lamb belonged to Charles. And the love between the brother and his "dear, dear sister" seems to have been without a flaw; neither was it lessened by William's marriage. A sister-in-law is not generally a desirable addition to the household when a young wife crosses the threshold; but Mary, who is said to have had the sweetest temper ever woman was blessed with, felt the warmest love for Dorothy, which was heartily returned. What a high place Miss Wordsworth might have secured for herself in literature may be estimated from the delightful *Journal of her tour in Scotland*, edited by Principal Shairp, in 1874. In 1820 Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth accompanied the poet in his tour on the Continent. They kept a journal, which pleased

Wordsworth so much that he expressed a wish it might some day be published. Mr. Lee regrets, and not without reason, that it is still withheld from publication. Wordsworth has commemorated the tour in verse; but it would be interesting to have also the impressions of his "dear fellow-travellers." We have not Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes" at hand; but we conclude that Mr. Lee's nineteenth chapter, "Journal of a Tour at Ullswater, 1805," is taken from that volume. Dorothy's original record, which is much more racy, is given in the "Transactions of the Wordsworth Society"; and the editor states that the poet made a curious recast of it for his "Guide."

Among the modern developments of athletics, the "canoeists" can show a brighter and more varied record of experiences than most of their rivals; and from the days of the "Rob Roy" to the present time the public has had many pleasant stories of holidays profitably spent in a canoe. Mr. T. H. Holding's *Watery Wanderings 'mid Western Lochs* (London: E. Marlborough and Co.) furnish materials for a small volume which is no exception to this rule. He and his friends started from Greenock in three canoes, and after many vicissitudes, some of which were not a little exciting, they paddled and sailed their tiny craft around Arran and the Kyles of Bute, up Loch Fyne, through the Crinan Canal, and thence by the often treacherous Sound of Jura, with its islands and whirlpools, to Oban. Their homeward journey lay through the less troubled waters of the inland lochs, but even here there was frequent need of energy, foresight, and pluck to surmount the obstacles and difficulties which ever and anon presented themselves. The story of the fortnight the four venturesome travellers passed in company is told with freshness, simplicity, and good taste; and we trust that it gives a fair idea of the healthy minds and bodies of thousands of our countrymen, whilst it affords a striking answer to those who pretend that we English take our pleasures sadly.

## POETRY.

The object which Mr. Lewis Morris has in view in turning his attention to dramatic writing is not clear from his new volume *Gycia* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Like every volume which has come from his pen, it upholds a high poetic ideal by purity of thought and word, and in this respect Mr. Morris stands high above the majority of his fellow poets of the day. The historic basis of the story, although slightly altered to suit the poet's needs, is not destitute of dramatic interest—though we may express the doubt whether the modern adapter has taken the best means to bring out its deeper colours. *Gycia* is the daughter of Lamachus, archon of the Republic of Cherson, and the hero, Asander, is the son of the King of Bosphorus—two States in a chronic state of warfare. The two chiefs, however, seeing that their only hope of making a stand against the barbarians is to cease quarrelling between themselves, determine to cement an alliance by the marriage of their respective children—both of whom are presented to us with very anti-matrimonial ideas. They meet, however, and never was love by electricity more rapidly generated. The drama having commenced by marriage, turns upon the conduct of Irene, the friend of *Gycia*, who had fallen in love with Asander before his coming to Cherson, but had met with no response from the Prince. Irene accuses herself to her brother, Theodorus (in love with *Gycia*), of an intrigue, of which neither she nor Asander had been guilty. She is, thereupon, ordered by her brother to a "retreat," where she spends a couple of years, and then reappears on the scene more infatuated and more unscrupulous than ever; and arriving just as *Gycia* and Asander have had their first "tiff," the outcome of a political discussion. From this point, the plot thickens, and events move rapidly, until Asander, suspected (very justly) of having plotted against the liberties of his adopted country, stabs himself, after having rescued Irene from burning. *Gycia*, who has been previously reconciled to her husband, though not converted to his political views, having saved the city by denouncing the plot, stabs herself on the body of Asander. The chief weakness of the work is the absence of anything like dramatic passion which can justify the tragic ending of the piece. Its strength lies in the delicacy with which the early love of *Gycia* and Asander is depicted; and in the depth of their affection after marriage, which not even a difference in their political creeds could altogether destroy. The character of Irene, who is sadly misnamed, is not an improbable one at the time in which the drama is placed; and it might be added that even in our own days such mischief-makers have been known. But she occupies too little, or too much, place in Mr. Lewis Morris's drama, and one cannot but feel that in the hands of an Elizabethan writer she would have been the central figure of the play. In conclusion, we must express the conviction, the author's intention notwithstanding, that "*Gycia*" is better fitted for the drawing-room than for the stage; and that read there it will sustain, although it may not extend, his popularity and his claims to a high place among contemporary poets.

The most recent addition to the *Parchment Library* is a volume of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, edited by Alfred W. Pollard (Kegan Paul). It need scarcely be added that we have here only a selection, the editor having chosen "The Prologue," "The Knight's Tale," "The Man of Lawes Tale," "The Prioresses Tale," and "The Clerkes Tale"; and for a reader not conversant with Chaucer these tales will afford an admirable introduction to the study of his works. We wonder how many readers who are not students of poetry, do study this great poet, who has in him the strength of youth and the freshness of the morning. Chaucer is often coarse, but on the whole he is an honest, wholesome writer, honouring truth and reverencing woman; and he is free from the insinuating immorality of some modern novelists whose volumes are admitted into our drawing-rooms. Apart from his fits of coarseness, he is one of the most delightful of poets, loving life, and mirth, and beauty, the fragrance of flowers and the warmth of sunshine, and blessed with a tenderness and largeness of heart worthy of the father of our poetical literature. Mr. Pollard writes of Chaucer with knowledge and affection, and in his text of the poet he has made good use, not unacknowledged, of the labours of the Chaucer Society. It is scarcely necessary to add that there is a glossary at the end of the volume. Chaucer looks difficult to read, but the difficulty is on the surface, and many readers are likely to be quite as much perplexed with the Scotticisms of Fergusson or of Burns.

It was a happy thought to ask the living poets of England and America to select two or three of the poems which best represented their work; and the result is now before the public in a goodly volume, entitled *Representative Poems of Living Poets, American and English, Selected by the Poets Themselves* (Cassell and Co.). Mr. George Parsons Lathrop writes the introduction to this volume, but the idea of the book was suggested to Jeannette Leonard Gilder, and by that lady it has been carried into execution. Poets are the rarest of creations, and the critic who is bent on exercising his vocation will be inclined to say that of the three score and ten writers who find a place in this volume, a large number





LEIGHTON BROTHERS, DRURY LANE.

## SHOW YOUR TONGUE.

From an Original Picture by WALTER J. ALLEN.





LEIGHTON BROTHERS, DRURY LANE.

FEEL MY TEETH.



have not the divine vision and faculty, and are merely clever versifiers. He might regret, too, that several genuine poets are not represented, but it is perhaps impossible to make an anthology of this kind perfect. It is no slight praise to say that it is highly satisfactory. There is little here, although sung by weak singers, that is not pleasant to read, and there is much that will delight the most exacting lover of poetry. Yet, to make the volume truly representative of the time, we would gladly have rejected some third-rate, though no doubt respectable, versifiers, in order to welcome poets like Swinburne, Patmore, Barnes, Austin, Buchanan, and the author of the "Earthly Paradise."

Mr. Rowe Lingston, in *Verses of Country and Town* (Griffith and Farren) successfully avoids the commonplace. He does not sing conventionally, nor does he look at nature through the spectacles of other verse-makers. We may hesitate to call him a poet; but a freshness of feeling in his lyrics, a sensibility to what is beautiful, and an accurate observation of natural objects indicate that he possesses in some measure the poetical nature. If Mr. Lingston is a young man, his gift may in time find more adequate expression. Meanwhile, we advise the reader who opens this tiny volume of seventy-six pages to read "An April Night in London," a nameless poem upon page 28, "The Dart in April," "Caged," and another poem, without a title, upon p. 72, in which the notes of the song-birds are said to prompt the writer's own. A piece entitled "My Cat" shows some sense of humour, and shows also a sufficient mastery of language. The style of the verse may be estimated from the final stanza:—

Long may he still so sleep his fill,  
Long happier grow and fatter,  
And take his sup from many a cup,  
His bite from many a platter.  
So softly wend through green old age  
That way each good cat wends,  
To where no longer rats can rage  
And purring never ends.

England is not especially favoured in her modern song-writers, and it is strange how content people seem to be with commonplace words when they are set to good music. In a small volume called *Fantasias*, by Mrs. Moss Cockle (Kegan Paul), there are songs that have been set to music by Mr. C. W. Thomas. One of them opens with the following lines:—

In the sunshine, when the flowers  
Fill the air with perfumed love,  
And the silvery clouds are sailing  
In their sapphire seas above;  
When the world with smiles is beaming,  
Steeped in languors fair to see,  
Will you then remember, darling,  
All you promised me to be?

Now, there is really no poetical imagery in such commonplace epithets as "perfumed love," and "silvery clouds," and "sapphire seas"; and why a world "steeped in languors" should be fair to see, or how it is possible to see it, needs perhaps an explanation. In the next stanza we read:—

Phantom weird, and worn and weary,  
Ghastly, grim, and stern, defies  
All the sobbing of my being,  
All the tear-drops of my eyes.

And then the singer adds, that nevermore down the jewelled path of flowers—

Shall I wander with you, darling,  
'Neath those rose-entwining bowers.

What this phantom can be with six adjectives attached to it like a tail we are unable to discover, any more than we are able to explain how a worn and weary phantom (why weary and why worn?) can defy the sobbing of a lover's being, or the tear-drops of his eyes. We conclude, therefore, that so long as the words move smoothly any nonsense will satisfy the modern musical composer. But one wonders what the modern young lady thinks, or feels, while singing such nonsense? Mrs. Cockle can do better things, and there are poems in her volume—read, for example, "A Love Portrait"—marked by good sense, and written in natural language. Her devotional poems, too, bear the stamp of sincerity, and are not without merit.

Verse-making in days of general culture is an accomplishment requiring some sensibility, and an ear, though not necessarily a sensitive ear, for rhythm. It is a harmless and, indeed, a highly agreeable pursuit; but when the writers of facile lines ask the verdict of the public and of critics their pursuit assumes an entirely different aspect. It implies that they consider themselves poets, and asked to be judged accordingly. *The Second Marriage Day, and Other Poems*, by C. S. Shrewsbury (London Literary Society), is full of effusive feeling, of pious sentiments, of sincere aspirations, of threnodies on the fading joys of earth, and visions of rest in Heaven. We have no doubt whatever that the author's song expresses her genuine feeling, and that her verses are free from pretence; but the book seems to us entirely destitute of poetical imagination, while it is full to overflowing of what is known as poetical diction. And this diction is of the conventional type so dear to the sentimental school-girl. Much print is expended on the verb to twine, and on the tendrils that are twined. We read, too, of gay coronals, of affection's roses, of culling blossoms, of gilding Time's wings, of Memory's silvery songs, of Earth's fading wreaths, of fleeting clouds and fading hopes; and only now and then do we come upon a natural expression that does not owe its existence to the work-shop of the verse-maker. The writer, too, is careless of her metaphors, which are sometimes oddly mixed up, as in some verses "To a Friend," which begin as follows:—

Sweet flowers that hourly round my heart are twining  
More tenderly than language can express,  
Like some bright star upon my pathway shining,  
Gilding its darkest hours with loveliness.

On the whole, this rather thick volume is likely to disappoint the impartial reader. It may afford pleasure to friends; and in their pleasure, it is to be hoped, the author will find her reward. The motive of the book is good throughout; but, unfortunately, good intentions can exist without inspiration.

Mr. A. Eubule-Evans, in the preface to a new edition of a small volume of poems entitled *Through Dark to Light* (Wyman and Sons), states that the work has had a kindly welcome accorded to it by some of the profoundest thinkers of the day. Who those thinkers are he does not state, and we may be allowed, perhaps, to hint that the capacity for profound thought does not necessarily qualify a man to judge of poetry. Some of our clearest philosophical thinkers, Butler and Locke, for example, have been destitute of the imaginative faculty which is needed in some small measure in order to judge of verse. Mr. Eubule-Evans's purpose in this volume is admirable, and if there is a single poem in the book worthy to be singled out as illustrating his purpose and his art, it is "The Christ Picture." That piece is not only thoughtful, but it is, in a measure, poetical. Generally, the author's notes sound to us out of tune and harsh, and in some instances the appearance of originality is gained by the sacrifice of simplicity. There are signs throughout of great labour; there are not, we venture to think, many indications of poetic fervour. There is a poem called "The Parrot," with some suggestive lines on the impotence of science to satisfy the aspirations of the soul, but there is a want of harmony throughout; and the writer's

most prominent and, no doubt, just conclusion is thus lamely expressed—

<p>If we dared disturb the things Dark-coiled at the core of thought, They'd open the sad word-wings: "Such triumphs as these are nought!"</p> <p>What profits it, if through space We wanton in wild career,</p>	<p>If tutored levins in chase Round the world our message bear?</p> <p>So long as the lord of love Is the gaunt negation Death, Our triumphs but empty prove, No matter what Science saith.</p>
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There is nothing here that might not have been said more clearly and powerfully in prose. Mr. Eubule-Evans, troubled with the riddle of life, has tried to pass from the darkness into light by the help of song. The effort may have been good for him, and it claims our sympathy; but the result is not, poetically, satisfactory. And we are bold enough to give this verdict, although it be true that some of the profoundest thinkers of the day have recorded a different judgment.

Affluence of words and smoothness of versification characterise *Poems*, by Edward Foskett (Kegan Paul); and the pieces written for music, of which there are several in the volume, are free from ambiguity and false metaphor. The lines glide easily, and the meaning is obvious; but we seek in vain for that wealth of imagination or fancy, and for that sweetness of rhythm which delight us in the song-writers of an earlier time. Mr. Foskett's verse is correct, but in his songs, at least, it is commonplace; its deficiencies are not due to want of care but to want of inspiration. If the critic cannot find much fault with verses marked throughout by good feeling and clear expression, he is unable to give them more than a moderate degree of praise. Lines like the following, for example—and scores of stanzas about equal in merit might be quoted—do not call for approbation or blame. We read them easily, and find it also easy to forget them:—

Let our tuneful voices mingle  
In a swelling wave of glee,  
As when sun-kissed breezes waken  
Joyous music from the sea.

Life may have its clouds of sadness,  
As the ever-changing sky;  
But though gloomy shadows linger,  
There are rays of sunlight high;

And the voice of Nature teaches,  
In her morning song of light,  
That, though long delayed the dawning,  
Day must follow sullen night.

Mr. Foskett is, we conclude, a teetotaler; and in his attempts to harmonise love and water he is not more successful, perhaps, than the majority of total abstinence versifiers. In one poem, a girl waits at a trysting well for her lover, and she has promised to say—

On this very night for certain  
If he is to go or stay.

But the lover, alas! is not a water drinker; so, addressing the well, she adds,

Dear old spring, he loves not thee.  
Tell him, if he'll wed thy pleasures  
He may stay and marry me.

In a long "cantata" called "Harold Glynde" the husband and wife join in singing—

For thine own dear sake and mine,  
For our son, our daughter,  
We will vow to take no wine!  
Pledge we then in water!

The vow, however, is broken, and Harold, to cure himself of inebriety, chooses the odd remedy of a voyage to the Antipodes, and leaves his wife and child without saying farewell. Probably the only poem yet written against the vice of the drunkard, that has a place in literature, is Lord Tennyson's "Northern Cobbler." But Shakspeare, like King Solomon, has said many a wise word against intemperance.

## NOVELS.

In story-telling there is nothing like a cheerful beginning: a dead man discovered lying by the roadside on the very first page of *Mohawks*: by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (John and Robert Maxwell), looks lively, promises well, and fills the reader with hopeful anticipations of many other merry scenes to come. Out of the dead man's breast-pocket is plucked a bundle of dirty, crumpled papers; nestling against one of the dead man's arms lies a live infant, a little baby-girl, asleep. That child, of course, is destined to be a prominent character in the story; and those papers, equally of course, will be forthcoming in due time to explain any mystery which may veil her origin. The dead man has apparently died of starvation and exposure, and "the rags upon that wasted body had once been the clothes of a gentleman—or had, at least, been made by a fashionable tailor"; so that the reader may reasonably expect to revel in romance. The plot thickens when a wealthy but by no means generally benevolent squire rides by and astonishes a worthy farmer, who knows him and his ways, by showing a disposition to take compassion upon the poor baby and even adopt her. This he eventually does, not so much on purely philanthropic grounds as because, being a widower and having a pining little baby-girl of his own, for whom the companionship of another little baby-girl has been recommended as the best tonic, he sees his way to profiting by his anything but disinterested kindness. Now, the two baby-girls happen not only to be about the same age, but to have certain points of personal resemblance, so that the most inexperienced reader of novels can scarcely fail to smell a rat. And a very daring rat it is; seldom, or never has so daring a rat been introduced into a tale by the most audacious novelist. However, on this occasion, the writer for once seems to have trusted less to ingenious contrivance and to clever story-telling, with wonderful characters and incidents—such as the actual age in which we live might supply or suggest—for the exercise of fascination, as to descriptions of the people and the social and other habits and fashions of not quite two centuries but a great deal more than a century ago. The very title gives a hint of this purpose. The date of the story, indeed the day on which it opens, is that of a very memorable battle—the battle of Malplaquet; and the chief of the villains, without a good supply of whom a certain class of novels would be as a Christmas pudding without a liberal allowance of plums, appears to have been evolved out of the portrait which a vivid imagination has enabled the writer to conceive of the millionaire who wrote "Vathek," who was the son of an alderman, who inhabited Fonthill Abbey and other marvellous places in England, and who had resided in magnificent palaces abroad, where, as well as in his native country, he was suspected of doing many not merely eccentric things by means of the almost unlimited command he had over "the root of all evil." The writer, no doubt, made an elaborate study of the period depicted, and has succeeded in presenting some excellent sketches of remarkable personages and striking scenes.

Slight attenuation is the plot of *Waiting for the Prince*: by Lady Constance Howard (F. V. White and Co.), and there is no substantiality about any part of it; so that, as three volumes are faithfully accomplished, the few pretty and interesting scenes which would suffice for the whole business have to be eked out after the fashion with which most novel-readers must be familiar. A young gentleman, twenty-four years of age at the outset of the story, scarcely acts up to the high character

which the novelist induces us to form of him; for, notwithstanding the "firmness" which "is expressed in the massive chin," he allows himself to be literally bullied by a handsome but exceedingly "fast" and vulgar girl into marrying her against his will, or at any rate without any strong inclination on his part (though he really would be glad to marry a very different sort of young woman), and, when he is tied for better or worse to the lovely wretch who becomes the torment of his life, he belies his character of honourable gentleman so far as to conceal the fact of his marriage and drift into an engagement with a beautiful and angelic creature, whom he loves with all his heart and soul, who loves him with the like totality, and whom consequently he might easily have dragged down together with himself to the lowest depths of life-long misery. Of bigamy or anything of that kind they are both far too law-abiding and virtuous to dream. They have to go on, therefore, as best they may, hoping and longing, kissing and hugging, hovering upon the brink of the irremediable and only recovering themselves just in time by a succession of miracles, until the novelist has filled a sufficient number of pages to make it safe to have an accident which shall carry off the objectionable wife and enable the new "Cinderella" to be happy at last with the "Prince" for whom she has been "waiting." The parents of "Cinderella" behave with a gentle and indulgent consideration most surprising under the circumstances, and worthy of profound philosophers; the conduct of the "Prince" is simply abominable, and did not deserve to be so lightly condoned. It is a question whether married men ought not to be obliged to go about with a brass plate, bearing the inscription "married" on their hats.

Unusually well intitled is *A Strange Inheritance*: by F. M. F. Skeene (William Blackwood and Sons), a fine story finely conceived and written. Tragic it is certainly, almost to ghastliness; but it is relieved by a modicum of humour, a great deal of sweetness and prettiness, not a little pathos, at least one grand example of simple, noble, Christian life, and a pervading spirit of true humanity. In it the would-be avenger of blood learns how much better and wiser it is to leave such matters to Him to whom vengeance belongeth; and in it the writer shows how the man to whom the slightest disguise is hateful may be involved by stress of circumstances in secrets and mysteries which have a savour of deceit, and in which he has to play—most involuntarily—a conspicuous part. That the hero, notwithstanding his innate nobility, behaved chivalrously or even rationally at an important crisis of his life, cannot be admitted for a moment. The only excuse for him is that he may not have been familiar with modern fiction; else he must have known that, when the heroine is "discovered" in the distance walking with a tall stranger, who exchanges with her the most familiar embraces, and who is so concealed by a long cloak and a slouch hat that there is no guessing what he is like or how old he is, the personage thus melodramatically attired is the lady's affectionate brother, or father, or even grandfather. When, moreover, she refuses to give any explanation whatever of the compromising position in which—without her knowledge—she has been observed, we, who have our fiction at our fingers' ends, are aware that she must have excellent reasons, which will be unfolded in due season, and which are probably connected closely with some crime committed, or supposed to have been committed, by the aforesaid affectionate relative. The twin sisters are very graceful and interesting portraits; but the writer is decidedly "rough" on one of them, who is tried most unmercifully and treated by certain personages of the story in a manner devoid of proper delicacy of feeling. As for the hero, if he were ever—as he himself seems to think he was—justly denounced as the "murderer" of Marie, that stigma sticks to him to the last, as some readers will think; for, if it had not been for the cruel blow he inflicted, she would not have developed the symptoms from which she died. But it is unprofitable to ferret out primal causes; and the death of Marie is the life of Lilian.

It has been suggested lately that the world would get on better if "falling in love" were abolished, and young people had their mates chosen for them by some responsible officials. We presume that the youths and maidens principally concerned would object to this arrangement, and it would assuredly spoil the trade of the novelist who depends upon love-making for his success in life. *Sir James Appleby, Bart.*, a novel, by Katharine S. Macquoid, 3 vols. (Ward and Downey), may be said, we suppose, to have Sir James for its hero. He is a man with many of the defects and some of the virtues of a middle-class Englishman; and we confess that our liking for him increases as we advance in the story. But the lovers claim the reader's first attention, and they do this not because they possess any special attractions; but because the novel, like most modern fictions, would have no purpose or meaning without them. Sir James, a man of great wealth, has the insular weakness of caring over much for rank; and Sydney, his handsome, fickle-minded son, after some love passages with his beautiful cousin, Marian, is sacrificed to the plain, conventional, and heartless daughter of Lord Dunsfold. The young lady, urged on by her mother, in reality makes love to Sydney, and the only humorous scene in the novel is that in which she urges the suit, and then discovers that he has made the long wished-for offer. Sydney Appleby is never really in love with the Hon. Georgina Hambleton; but that commonplace young woman has a desperately ardent lover in Arthur Cave, a young literary barrister, whose passion, on one occasion, showed Georgina for a few moments that she had a heart. After the final interview between them, "Georgina ran up to her room and locked the door. She lay down on the bed, not hurriedly, for she was careful of her gown; but for all that, she burst out crying as soon as her cheek reached the pillow." Like the mother, however, she is "too well bred" to give way long to feeling. Marian, on the contrary, is full of the most ardent though, perhaps, ill-regulated affection. She cannot conceal her love for Sydney; and it is needless to say that the irresolute young man, between this lovely girl on the one side, and the attack made upon him by Georgina and her mother on the other, is considerably embarrassed. The novelist, by-the-way, is not exact in her delineation of the Hon. Georgina Hambleton, who is spoken of elsewhere as handsome, and as a fine, aristocratic-looking woman; but at the beginning of the story we are told that "there was a want of expression, except that of blandness, in her pink, freckled face, unless, indeed, a certain keenness in her pale-blue eyes and a pinched look in her narrow lips might suggest a saving disposition." A great number of puppets play their parts on the novelist's stage, and assist in the progress of the tale. But as characters they are too faint to attract much attention. We must make an exception in favour of Sir James's bright, affectionate, and healthy-minded daughter Lucy, the only girl in the novel who has the prospect of a happy married life. Her pretty ways with the husband of her choice are admirably described, and Lucy's character, though exhibited with much force, is not overdrawn. "Sir James Appleby, Bart." is a well-written and uniformly interesting novel, by which we mean that the reader will be attracted by the first chapter, and read on steadily to the last without a moment's sense of weariness.



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